

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

NO. 13

NEWS AND NOTES.

"Had time my way, O beauteous maid,
I'd steal a kiss!" he cried.
"Then I'd do ten times worse than that—
I'd dollar!" she replied.

Sprague calls it infatuation.

Dakota has 337 miles of completed railroad.

St. Paul is constructing an immense market house.

Montana will produce 1,200,000 pounds of wool this year.

Judge Hilton offers \$25,000 for the return of Stewart's body.

Shot guns, it is said, are very injurious to presidential booms.

Col. Brownlow has been appointed to a clerkship in Washington.

The Chicago Times concedes a Republican majority of 30,000 in Ohio.

A Cuban died last week in New York of yellow fever in Quarantine hospital.

Orders are out for the prosecution of every polygamist in Salt Lake City.

The New York Herald has made no allusion to the Sprague-Conkling affair.

The government is building a telegraph line from Helena, Montana, to Fort Bliss.

The Fargo land office disposed of 689,421 acres of public land during the last quarter.

A large addition, costing about \$7,000 is being put on the Headquarters Hotel, Fargo.

A colony of seventy-five Swedish families are about settling near Valley City, Dak.

Jane Gray Swishelm dyes her chinilion in the face of the Sprague bull with impunity.

There were eighty two arrivals and eighty-five clearances at the port of Duluth for July.

The A. T. Stewart grave robbers now demand \$2,500,000 for a return of the old man's bones.

The yellow fever seems to be well under control in Memphis, only four or five deaths a day now occurring.

Robt. Witke, one of the commissioners of Custer County, Dakota, goes to the penitentiary for horse stealing.

Dakota has paid Minnesota \$10,000 for the care of insane. These patients will hereafter be cared for at Yankton.

The Fargo Times speaks of a wheat yield of 50½ bushels per acre on the farm of J. A. McClosky, near Fargo.

An immense farm is being opened at Spirit Wood, on the N. P., by a Pennsylvania syndicate owning 80,000 acres.

The water question in the Black Hills has been settled, the Pioneer says, by a compromise of conflicting interests.

The Benton Record says fifty-one brick buildings are in process of construction at Ft. Assinaboine—all of brick.

Charlemagne Tower, the Fargo Times says, recently purchased \$154,000 worth of land in Cass and Barnes Counties, Dakota.

Indians are allowed free passage on the Union Pacific Railroad because an Indian once ran five miles to warn a train of a washout.

Dr. Blackburn, Gov. elect of Kentucky, tried to introduce yellow fever into Northern cities during the war in order to destroy the Yankee cause.

Memphis does not allow any unacclimated person to visit her borders. Those who have had the yellow fever can come if they wish, but not otherwise.

Gdy. Edmonds, of Yankton, six years ago purchased for \$60 an interest in the Sioux Falls water power which he disposed of a few days ago for \$6,500.

The Pioneer-Press compares Sprague's inebriate ill temper with Tilton's hysterical madness and concludes that Sprague in madness is far ahead.

Of ninety-five employees of the House in Washington, forty-two were in the rebel army, and the Democrats regard this a very mild recognition of the South.

The Pioneer Press says the Chicago & North Western railroad extension to the Missouri river, and to the North Pacific country is assuming definite shape.

The Central City Herald says the carbonate content in Bald Mountain, Black Hills, is unlimited, and all of the ground within a mile of the strike has been staked.

Gdy. Blackburn, the Dubuque Times says, "ought to be addressed as 'His Pestilency,'" owing to his scheme to infect Northern cities with small pox and yellow fever during the war.

The St. Paul Dispatch, Sherman Page's organ, has offended the judge and he has stopped his paper. Nothing that Page can do will be permitted to live if it peeps in opposition to him.

Nellie Sartoris is not dead, but Mrs. F. W. Sartoris is. She died in child birth. Nellie's baby is three weeks old. Nellie is too much like her father to let a little thing like that get away with her.

The remains of Wild Bill, killed in the Black Hills a few years ago, are now solid stone, having become petrified. They weigh 400 lbs and were recently disinterred and placed in Mount Mariah cemetery, near Deadwood.

Houses are now constructed of brick or blocks of paper mache—economical, warm and dry and in summer, cool, are the principal points of excellence. Straw can in this way be converted into most desirable building material.

The Black Hills Pioneer gives a list of mills erected in Lawrence county since January 1877. It says: "With this established basis, computation of the most interesting character may be made; as, for instance, taking the minimum amount of work daily performed by each stamp—one and one-half tons—we find that 1,800½ tons of ore are crushed every twenty-four hours. Estimating the value of the rock at \$10 per ton, the total yield per day is \$18,007.50; per month, \$542,200; per year, \$6,506,400, which grand amount is likely to augment per reason of higher quantity of ore worked and constantly increasing capacity.

THE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

ITEMS CORRALED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE.

The Bad Financial Smash at Montreal—The Old World's Trials—Yellow Fever Still Spreading.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

FATAL FEVER.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 22.—Nine new cases today and eleven deaths. A telegram from New Orleans from the highest authority says the fever is spreading there. Advices from Starkville, Miss., reports four cases there.

A BAD SMASH.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—The U. S. Consul, Quebec, says over ten million dollars have been wiped out by the failure of Canadian banks and great suffering among the laboring classes. One of the results is over seven thousand persons are out of employment in Quebec alone.

THE "VETS."

AURORA, Ill., Aug. 22.—A great reunion of war veterans here today. Lieut. Gen. Sheridan and other notables are present.

HUNG.

AUSTIN, TEX., Aug. 22.—Taylor, who was convicted of rape, was hung today. The drop fell while he was singing John Brown's body, etc.

NIHIL.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 22.—Three male nihilists sentenced by military trial were hanged today. Serious signs of disturbance are observed among the peasantry.

AN UNFRIENDLY RACKET.

LONDON, Aug. 22.—Vienna correspondence reports disquieting rumors in circulation regarding unfriendly intentions of Russia towards Austria and Germany. The Daily News states the object of Messrs. Read and Pell's mission to America is investigation of the amount of live stock and meat the United States and Canada can export in the next four years, and the cost at which the food can be produced on the American continent.

LORD DUFFERIN

it is said, will succeed Bulwer Lytton as viceroy to India. Advices from Vienna state the disturbances of Bulgaria are increasing. The militia is unable to repress the disorders. The Berlin correspondence reports the loss by the fire of July over eight million roubles.

HOME ROWS.

DUBLIN, Aug. 22.—Home rule had a very noisy demonstration. The proceeding was riotous and remarkable for the bitterness towards the moderate section of home rule. A number of parliamentary fights occurred.

The Fairs.

Mr. Powers has placed a car at the disposal of this county for free transportation of vegetables and grain for the great exhibitions to be held at Minneapolis and St. Paul the first week in September. Deacon Mann and several others will go with as fine specimens of grain and vegetables as were ever produced. Those who have not threshed are requested to leave bundles of their choicest grain at the Post Office and the P. M. will see that it is properly forwarded. The fair commences on the 1st of Sept., therefore all who wish to be represented should bring in their contributions as early as Wednesday next. The Minneapolis Fair will have Rarus and a host of other attractions.

Killed by the Cars.

Yesterday morning James Bowen, an employee on the extension west of Mandan, falling between two cars was run over and killed. Coroner Quinlan was summoned and an inquest held, with a verdict according to the facts. He was buried on that side. He doesn't seem to have any friends in this section.

In a New Role.

A parol may be a good article with which to scare chickens and clear sidewalks, but does not prove successful in scaring historical "rabbits," as three brave women of this city can testify from experience. After seeking shelter in a residence on First street it was decided that they would never again assume the role of muleteers.

Ansley Gray.

The Pioneer-Press and Globe report that Ansley Gray, late of the Territorial House, was run in by the police. The Globe said he was very drunk, very noisy, and very destructive. Gray put up \$20 for his appearance the next morning. He didn't appear, and the \$20 was turned into the school fund of St. Paul.

WOOD-HAWK TRAGEDY.

The Grub-Stake Jumper Killed—A Fine Shot.

The woodyard tragedies are not as numerous as the isolated and lonely life of the owners would suggest. Occasionally there is one that startles silent nature and awakens the echoes of the river bluffs. Not often there occurs such a wholesale slaughter of old and young as the death of the Lambert family anywhere. Too frequently the criminal column announces a quarrel like the one that occurred at the Slides, thirty miles above Borthold, on last Friday. McDonald, a former soldier of the Sixth Infantry, and a man named Hamlin were joint owners of a woodyard at the Slides. Their ponies strayed away and McDonald went in search of them. In his absence Hamlin jumped McDonald's grubstake and fitted himself out with all the artillery there was on the ranch. McDonald returned and asked for an explanation. There was no valid excuse given and a war of words, peculiar to the local idiom, followed. McDonald was unarmed and therefore at a disadvantage that was strangely embarrassing as Hamlin's oaths shot forth like the fangs of a serpent. The ex-soldier beat a masterly retreat and when he met Hamlin again was armed. The second meeting was a deadly one. Hamlin's rifle was quickly to his shoulder. A witness, Richard Mayne, was shot through the thigh. Several shots were then exchanged. McDonald received one in the left hand near the thumb. A ball from his rifle accidentally entered the barrel of Hamlin's gun, exploding it and killing the holder. McDonald had not figured upon beating his fellow duelist in that way, but the result was just as satisfactory. One of the men had to die, and McDonald's preference leaned to Hamlin.

SEEKING INVESTMENTS.

Schuyler Colfax's Neighbors Surprised—A Minneapolis Party.

Among the people investigating the advantages of Bismarck, this week, were A. J. Fry and W. H. Kurtz, heavy men of York, Pa. H. G. Sidle, cashier of the First National Bank of Minneapolis and one of its largest stockholders; E. R. Barber, a Minneapolis miller, and F. D. Skiles, a capitalist of that city. They were truly surprised at the country's development.

Frank Donnelly sowed three bushels of oats and threshed from the yield one hundred and thirty. The ground covered was an acre and a quarter. Yet this is the country that can't raise anything.

Hon. John Reynolds, John R. Foster, Daniel Green, of South Bend, Indiana, accompanied by Walter Harland, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Chicago, were looking over Bismarck and vicinity this week. Before coming here they were down on the Grandin farm and saw such sights as made their Hoosier eyes stand out. In forty-four seconds they saw two bushels of wheat threshed and sacked by one of those big straw burners. They don't do it that way about South Bend.

For the year ending June 30th the land office shows the following entries. It is only the beginning:

Pre-emption Filings	9,161.32 acres
Soldiers Homestead D. S.	1,520 "
Homestead Entries	4,370.23 "
Final Proof	1,680 "
Timber Culture Entries	7,166.72 "
	24,297.26 "

EARLY DAYS.

Dakota's First Newspaper—The first Census—Land Speculation.

I. W. Stuart, now a proof reader on the Chicago Tribune, took a run out to Bismarck this week and in a chat of a few moments gave THE TRIBUNE many points in relation to early days in Dakota. The Dakota Land Company, it seems, was organized in St. Paul in 1859 and a location was made at Sioux Falls and Mr. I. W. Stuart, a St. Paul printer, and Sam Albright, a Bohemian, were employed to conduct a newspaper for the company represented at that time by J. F. DeWitt, F. B. Campbell, and Jim Fisk, and in 1859 they flung to the breeze the Dakota Democrat, devoted to the organization of Dakota Territory and to the land speculation, of its owners. The paper had no subscription list and no advertising, but was published now and then. Stuart went to Yankton one day, and while he was gone Albright jumped the country, taking with him the head of the paper, which next appeared under Stuart's management as the Western Independent. The war broke out, Stuart left the country, and presumes the office was destroyed by the Indians. Stuart says that in 1860 Albright, his partner, was appointed to take a census of Dakota. That he never left the office, but made a "thorough canvass" and a report showing about four thousand people. He gave the name and place of residence of everybody he knew and padded from some old city directory to supply the deficiency.

Stark Farm Granary Collapsed.

Tuesday evening the granary on the Stark farm collapsed with twelve thousand bushels of oats in three of the bins. The foundation wall on the creek side of the granary had been effected by the high water of last spring and therefore gave way when a considerable weight was loaded upon it. The granary is a complete wreck. The oats will be put in sacks, and practically all saved. Loss \$500.

FORT BUFORD BREVITIES.

STROLLING BANDS OF INDIANS CAPTURED.

Movements of Military Officers—Business and Pleasure—Miles' First Invoice of Half Breeds in the Role of Micawber.

PERSONALS.

FR. BUFORD, Aug. 13.—Dr. P. F. Harvey, who has been stationed here since the close of Gen. Terry's campaign of 1876, has been relieved from duty at the post and goes to Fort Randall, relieving Dr. Crampton, who will be stationed at Buford.

Lieut. R. F. Jacob, Jr., Sixth Infantry, leaves for Washington on the first boat. He will have charge of the attendants and escort with the two insane men from Miles command who go to the government asylum at Washington. Mrs. Jacob will accompany the Lieut. East and visit relatives in Kentucky.

Major E. B. Kirk, of the Quartermaster Department, will go East on sick leave during the last of this month, hoping that a change of climate will straighten out that rebellious leg which is not yet all right. The Major will be accompanied by Mrs. Kirk and their daughter, Miss Maud.

Major Thibaut leaves on the first boat en route to Leavenworth where he relieves Lieut. Crowell, of this regiment, from duty at the military prison. Lieut. Walker assumes command of Co. D, of the 6th, in his absence.

Capt. Munson is down the country, visiting the ranches on the Bismarck stage road, investigating the alleged illicit traffic in ammunition.

Major Moore went up to Fort Peck on the Sherman to take command of battalion of the Sixth Infantry at Supply camp.

Gen. Hazen and Capt. Penney, Regimental Quartermaster, leave here on the Batchelor for the upper Yellowstone. The Gen. will visit the Yellowstone Park before he returns.

STROLLING INDIANS CAPTURED.

Some time since it was reported that a party of Indians from Spotted Tail or Rosebud agencies had crossed the Yellowstone going north and were evidently making for the camp of Sitting Bull. Col. Whistler was on the lookout and on the 10th he captured the band known as Short Bull's, numbering some 50 or 60 with about 100 ponies. There was no resistance on the part of the Indians when overtaken by the command, shortly after they had crossed the Missouri at Poplar River. Col. Whistler is now at Wolf Point where it is reported Gen. Miles will soon join him.

MOVING BANDS.

Geo. Morgan, who has a ranche ten miles this side of Glendive, states that on the 3d inst. a large party of Indians crossed the Yellowstone four miles this side of Glendive, going south. They appeared to be a hunting party and had an immense herd of ponies with them. They were thirty hours crossing the river.

Harry Snell, who also has a ranche 17 miles above Glendive, states that for sometime parties of Indians have been crossing the Yellowstone opposite his place, some going north and some going south. A large party crossed two weeks ago; there were 200 Indians in the party; they had no children with them, and no women except a few old squaws. Above Mr. Snell's 100 Indians crossed going north; these were from Red Cloud Agency and were provided with a hunting pass, a very handy thing when in this section of country just now. If Messrs. Morgan and Snell have made accurate estimates, these figures would seem to indicate that there are a few Indians leisurely roaming around. Morgan is an old scout and says the Indians mentioned are Yanktons, Ogallalas and Minneconjuns.

THE HALF BREDS.

from Peck sent in by Gen. Miles—first invoice—are here and like Wilkins Micawber, are waiting for something to turn up. When their train of curious Red River carts was rolling into the post an old and experienced army officer who has served almost everywhere from Maine to California, remarked, "I am afraid Miles has captured an elephant." They are in camp a short distance below the post and are at present making the best of it, by racing. Last evening DeMarsh matched his Mad Bear pony—formerly a Standing Rock racer—against a bay horse belonging to a half-breed. Stakes six ponies. DeMarsh won and now says he has "three more ponies in the bank."

Oat Raising in Burleigh County.

The three farms adjoining President Hayes' farm, near Bismarck, owned by Wm. Seby, Geo. Joy and Walter Breen, yielded 60 bushels of oats to the acre. David Stewart had a large tract under cultivation but owing to a fault in putting in the grain the average was reduced to 46 bushels per acre. This, however, is about the average in the county as a few of the larger tracts were injured by hail and two or three tracts by grasshoppers. Frank Donnelly, however, had an acre and a quarter in an old cow yard, which yielded over one hundred bushels to the acre. The grain is very heavy and weighs as high as 36 lbs to the bushel, 32 being the standard weight. Oats are being raised principally in Burleigh County because of the local demand for that grain and several large farms are devoted to growing oats. On the Stark farm there was 510 acres; on the Steele farm 512 acres and many other tracts running from ten to 100 acres each.

Recognized Ambition.

(Sioux City Journal.)

Sprague has an uncontrollable passion to be recognized as great. His ambition ought to be satisfied, for the whole country now recognizes him as the greatest in it.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Col. E. D. Baker has a photograph of Sitting Bull.

J. W. Raymond returned last evening from St. Paul.

J. M. Blakely, a brother of Henry Blakely, is in town.

Mrs. Col. Hutton, of Fort Stevenson, was in town this week.

E. H. Van Antwerp, of Yankton, arrived in town this week.

W. F. Jones, a lumber dealer of Valley City, came in last night.

C. W. Carpenter has returned to St. Paul from his trip to the Hills.

Joseph Leighton is back from his Ft. Mercer trip and off to St. Paul.

Mr. Waite, of Chicago, has taken a half interest in the Fargo Times.

Judge Barnes and E. S. Tyler are building a fine residence in Fargo.

B. J. Vanvech, of Syracuse, N. Y., was agent at the Sheridan last night.

Mrs. John Davidson arrived last evening for a short visit with her husband.

Charles Smith, of Ft. Yates, has gone down to the Minneapolis Exposition.

Mr. Alice Oats licks every man that praises his wife. Sprague uses the shot gun.

Capt. Durhani's family, of the Eighteenth Infantry, left on the Butte yesterday.

Judah P. Benjamin, the rebel exile, has purchased a \$60,000 residence in Paris.

Miss E. B. Truesdell, of St. Paul, is in town. She is looking for land investments.

E. E. Elly is another signal service gentleman who has arrived and gone up the river.

J. F. Stark, son of Vice-President Stark, arrived last evening to look after his oats.

Mat Kelley, of the O. F. C. saloon, has returned from his week's vacation up the Extension.

Capt. John C. Barr returned from Yankton in time to superintend the loading of the Butte.

Mrs. MacLeod, wife of Col. MacLeod, of the Mounted Police, will go up on the steamer MacLeod.

Bishop Martin was a passenger on the Butte, leaving yesterday. He is on a trip to Sitting Bull's camp.

Baker, Carnahan, Bowen and Leasure are out, this afternoon, shooting at a mark on Agard's bottom.

Gen. Morgan, of Headquarters, St. Paul, was in the city this week and went up on the Butte to Assinaboine.

E. H. Bly leaves Tuesday morning for the Hot Springs in Arkansas. His rheumatism is bothering him again.

A very touching account of the death of Capt. McGarry, of the steamer Butte, appeared in the Chicago Advance.

Porter Warner, of the Black Hills Times, is in Minneapolis searching for an expert miller to run the Spearfish mill.

"Spectacled" Scott, as the boys called him about the Sheridan, was one of the cabin passengers of the Butte bound for Benton.

L. M. Ford, the old agricultural editor and authority of Minnesota, is in the city taking comprehensive notes for the Minnesota Farmer.

Capt. Ed Maguire, of St. Paul, arrived Wednesday evening, and went up on the Butte to inspect the work of the engineers on the river.

J. G. Rogers, a son of M. Rogers, of the Dever, was with the Sidle excursion party. He is in the First National Bank of Minneapolis.

J. W. Stuart, a proof reader on the Chicago Tribune, and wife, and Mrs. Chas. Cavender and daughter, of Brainerd, were in the city on Thursday.

Mr. Wilson, of the signal corps, has been ordered to Fort Assinaboine. Mr. Elly to Benton. Mr. Tompkins to Ft. Shaw and Mr. Smith, who has been at Stevenson, to Helena. They all went up on the Butte.

Capt. P. W. Thibaut, Ft. Buford, Lieut. R. T. Jacob and wife, Maj. G. W. Baird, Mrs. Sherman, mother-in-law of Gen. Miles, and Miss Meliam of Cleveland, Ohio, came down on the Rosebud and went East on Monday's train.

Mr. Sig Hanner has returned from the East where he has purchased an immense stock of goods—the largest ever brought to the city. He has arranged for a merchant tailoring department and will hereafter manufacture goods to order.

Jno. F. Finerty, of the Chicago Times, the only newspaper correspondent with Miles on his recent trip after Sitting Bull, came down on the MacLeod and went East Friday morning. Miles' command was crossing at Ft. Peck when he left, Keogh bound.

Amusements

Manager Whitney has certainly made a good strike this week. He has obtained first-class talent, and as a consequence has been greeted with crowded houses. Geo. Peters is by far the best Dutch comedian that has ever appeared in this city. Master Willie, only five years old, is certainly a phenomena. Millie Le Etta is a very promising actress, and assists Gus Peters in his Dutch specialties admirably. Sig Capollo and Mille Oznola, who arrived on the steamer Butte from Yankton Thursday, are very important additions to the constellation of stars at the Opera House. As a contortionist, Sig Capollo has but few rivals, and with the assistance of Mille Oznola on the trapeze last night, held the audience in breathless amazement. They are undoubtedly the best in their line that have ever visited the territory. The fired sisters close their engagement Sunday night, it being the occasion of a grand benefit tented to them by the company and their numerous friends in Bismarck. Daveport, the old sandy, has been on this week. The Colles have gone, and no one mourns their loss.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

William Glenn, a young, powerful and athletic man, left Portsmouth as early as the year 1794 and with his wife and three-year-old daughter, traveled northward until the lofty tower of Mount Washington shut out the polar star. In a quiet secluded dell—now comprised in the township of Jackson—he fixed his rough log-house, and built up his family altar. Broad acres of rich woodland, yet unutilized by the destroying hand of civilization, stretched out their green waving billows far toward Ellis' river, and the morning sunshine looked down on the Dell with a wealth of life-giving power in its warm beams.

In truth, a lovelier spot than Crag Dell could not be found for leagues; and although the nearest human habitation was seven miles away, the Glenns were a happy family—living as they did, in a little kingdom of their own, unmolested and untroubled.

The prettiest thing about the place was the blue-eyed little Maggie, the sweet child that stood by her mother's side one magnificent September morning, and begged to be allowed to go out to a knoll but a few rods from the cabin, for a hortle berries which grew very thick and large there. At first Mrs. Glenn demurred, for there was much danger to be apprehended from rattlesnakes, which were quite numerous in the vicinity; but at last, won over from discretion by two round bright tears which glistened in Maggie's eyes, she gave her consent; enjoining it upon her child not to go out of sight of the cabin.

With a mother's pride and care did Mrs. Glenn watch the little form until she reached the knoll busily engaged in capturing the delicious fruit; and then with a cheerful face she returned to her spinning.

Ever and anon the busy hum of the wheel would cease; and the mother's face pressed the window to see if Maggie still remained upon the knoll. At last she looked forth, and a frightful change fell upon her as she looked. Her cheek became white as ashes—a deadly coldness settled in all her limbs; she would have shrieked, but her lips were sealed.

There, on the bold rock which overhung the knoll, where Maggie yet knelt in childish satisfaction, fast filling the bucket with blue berries, crouched an immense panther, evidently preparing for the fatal leap. Mothers! judge of the feelings of that mother! Far from human aid—her husband at work in the interval two miles below—and a panther about to devour her only child! The golden hair would be dabbled in red blood; the lips which had so often been pressed to hers in the rich kiss of holy affection, would be torn and crushed between the ravenous jaws of the monster!

In that hour Martha Glenn thought only of her child. She reflected not on the danger to which she exposed herself, in venturing forth in sight of the terrible animal. She remembered only that her child, the child she had nourished at her breast, and who, for six happy years had slept in her bosom, was in peril! Forth she sped, her hands upraised, her eyes fixed in motionless agony upon the horrible tableau.

The panther gave a low growl of delight, as his restless eyes fell on his new victim; his tail lashed the ground in his rage, his red tongue gleamed savagely over his white gleaming teeth, and his glaring eyes seemed like living coals of fire!

Unheeding all—all but her child—the distracted mother sped on; the low, sweet voice of her darling reached her through the dead air—for Maggie was singing to herself a quaint old ballad of long ago. In an instant, Maggie was struggling in her mother's arms; and that mother, with the courage of despair, turned and attempted to reach her cabin with the precious burden she bore.

In vain! all in vain! Uttering a fierce cry, the panther raised himself upon his haunches—his fangs dug deep into the matted grass—a wild, maddened snarl, and his claws were buried in the shoulders of the helpless woman! Flung Maggie upon the fragrant lea of mountain heather, which grew everywhere in rich luxuriance, Mrs. Glenn prepared herself for a desperate and unequal struggle. Unequal indeed, for what was the strength of a frail woman, opposed to the fury of a raging panther?

Already the fangs of the animal were fastened with an iron grip upon her left arm; the blood flowed in torrents down her disordered garments; the pain she suffered was past all mortal conception, and yet, in that fearful hour, the courage of Martha Glenn did not fail her. A blessed thought flashed across her mind—he seized with her unconfined right hand the strong cord which fastened to her waist the long, sharp pointed shears, which were then deemed necessary to the toilet of every housewife. The glittering steel flashed bright in the sunlight, and with one powerful effort she drove the instrument to the handle in the throat of her assailant.

His cries of pain and rage were appalling and his teeth closed together through the fleshy part of that torn and mutilated arm! Not then did Mrs. Glenn yield! With certain death for herself she would still save her child, and with desperate and determined bravery, she plunged the shears again and again into the neck of the infuriated beast. The combat grew terrific! Growls and howls filled the air, and Maggie shrunk beneath an overhanging rock, and hid her little face in her apron.

At length, by a lucky movement on the part of Mrs. Glenn, the panther's entire throat was cleft in twain, and unconscious his hold, he rolled upon the ground in a paroxysm of agony. Over and over—raising the dry, gray dust in clouds, in the struggle with death. It lasted but a little while; there was a

convulsive twitching of his strongly defined muscles—a grating of his ponderous jaws, a dying out of the light in his fiery eye, and he lay still and motionless—dead!

Though faint, and almost dying from pain and loss of blood, Mrs. Glenn had sufficient presence of mind to crawl back to her home, followed closely by Maggie, who could scarcely comprehend the terrible affair. Drearly, and in the most intense suffering passed the long afternoon to the wounded mother; but in the smile which welled up from Maggie's blue eyes when standing beside her, she felt more than repaid for all she had already, and all she must in the future, endure for her child's life.

William Glenn was horror-stricken on returning from his labor, at the frightful condition of his wife. He dispatched his hired man eleven miles for the nearest physician, and in anxious hope and fear he awaited his arrival.

At last—it was nearly day-break—the man of science came. After gravely examining the case, he pronounced amputation of the mutilated limb the only means of preserving life. Mrs. Glenn did not flinch from the trying ordeal, but bore herself throughout with Roman fortitude.

Maggie Glenn grew up a good and beautiful woman—her love for her mother the one great, holy and sanctified trait in her lovely character. Early in life she was united to a hardy young mountaineer, who took her farther east to live in a pleasant home of his own.

The old shears are preserved as a sort of an heirloom—a token of their ancestor's prowess—by Maggie's descendants.

The Water Perambulator.

When Cooley read the accounts of Paul Boynton's exploit in swimming the English Channel, it struck him that he could improve a little on Boynton's life-preserver. He said he had invented an apparatus with which a man could walk on the surface of the water, and with a little practice glide over it with the velocity with which a good skater skims over the ice. So he invited a party of us down to the river one day to see him operate the machine. At the appointed time he appeared with something that looked like a small gunboat under each arm. Then he strapped one on each foot, and we saw that the article was about four feet long, and shaped like a shallow scow.

As he prepared to lower himself over the edge of the wharf, he asked us to designate the point on the other side of the river at which we wished him to land. He said it was immaterial to him whether he went one mile or six, up stream or down stream, because he could just hop along over that river like a swallow. His general idea was to produce a revolution in navigation, and to make men independent of steamers and other vessels when they desired to travel upon the water with rapidity.

Then he dropped into the stream with his scows, and steadied himself by holding on to the side of the wharf until he was ready to start. At last he said the experiment would begin, and he struck out with his left foot. The front end of that particular scow scuttled under the water, and as he tried to save himself with his right foot, the end of that scow also dipped down, and Cooley tumbled.

The next moment he was hanging head downward in the river, with not a visible to the spectators but the bottoms of two four-foot gunboats. The patent apparatus simply kept all the rest of him under water. Then a couple of men paddled out in a skiff and hauled him in. Then we unbuckled his scows, took of his clothes, and rolled him over a vinegar barrel to work the water out of him. In about an hour he came to, and, uttering a groan, he said:

"Where am I?"

We explained to him, and he asked:

"What drowned me?"

We told him that he was injured by an attempt to revolutionize navigation, and he demanded:

"How did I try to do it?"

We reminded him that he had started for a skim up the river with a frigate tied to each foot, and then he asked:

"Where the deuce are them machines?"

We showed them to him, and, calling Ben Martin to him he said, faintly:

"Ben, wish you'd cuss them things for me. Cuss 'em vigorous, and then split 'em up into kin'lin' wood for the poor. I'm too weak to do justice to the subject."

Then we took him home, and he was in bed for a fortnight. He says now that all he wants to live for is to see Boynton some day go chuck to the bottom. Then he'll be perfectly happy.—*Max Adler.*

Any dairyman may very easily demonstrate for himself that the amount of either milk or cream is no criterion by which to judge of the dairy value of the cow. By the practical test of manufacturing butter it is found that the cream as well as milk from different cows will vary to an almost unlimited extent. The greatest milk I ever owned was worthless as a butter cow. Although her milk produced considerable cream, the yield of butter in proportion was small and the butter was so oily that it became rancid in a few days. My conclusions are that the easiest and only reliable way to test the merits of a dairy cow is simply to set her milk, and, without any regard to quantity of milk or cream, to ascertain the amount and quality of butter produced. In this way with comparatively

"Never mind, sonny, the rain makes boys grow," remarked a Massachusetts tramp the other day when he took a silk umbrella away from a lad in the midst of a rain storm.

Colored cashmeres are usually cheap just now.

HOUSE, FARM AND GARDEN.

The Care of Harness.

The first point to observe is to keep the leather soft and pliable; this can be done only by keeping it well charged with grease; water is a destroyer of these, but mud and saline moisture, are even more destructive. Mud in drying, absorbs the grease and opens the pores of the leather, making it a ready prey to the water, while the salty character of the perspiration from the animal injures the leather, stitching and mountings. It therefore follows that to preserve a harness, the straps should be washed and oiled whenever they have been moistened by sweat or soiled by mud. To do this effectually, the straps should be unbuckled and detached: then wash with a little water and brown soap, then coat with a mixture of neatfoot oil and allow it to remain undisturbed until the water is dried out; the rubbing is important, as it, in addition to removing the surplus oil and grease, tends to close the pores and gives a finish to the leather. In hanging harness care should be taken to allow all straps to hang their full length; bridles, gig saddles and collars should be hung upon forms of the shape of each. Light is essential to the care of leather, and when the harness closet is dark the door should be left open, at least half the time during the day. All closets should be ventilated, and when possible they should be well lighted. To clean plated mouldings use a chamois with a little trip oil or rotten stone, but they should be scoured as little as possible. Rubber covered goods are cleansed in the same way. Leather covered needs to be brushed and rubbed with a woolen rag. If a harness is thoroughly cleaned twice a year, and when duly treated as we have recommended, the leather will retain its softness and strength for many years.

Large Farming a Precarious Business.

The following figures are given by a San Francisco correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, as evidence that farming on a gigantic scale is profitable neither to the country nor the farmer. He says: The largest wheat producer in California, or in the world, is Dr. J. H. Glenn. He was formerly from Monroe county, Missouri. He is a man of great enterprise and energy. His ranch lies in Colusa county, and comprises 60,000 acres, nearly all arable land. He has this year 45,000 acres in wheat, which, at a low calculation, will produce 900,000 bushels. His wheat will sell for 85 cents per bushel, or \$765,000. Dr. Glenn has been farming ten years, and one would suppose he ought to have a handsome sum to his credit in bank; but what with a failure of crops—which occurs two years in every five—and the enormous interest he pays on his loans, he is said to owe a round million of dollars. Last year his credit was bad, as he had no crop. Now, with his splendid crop in prospect, he will probably get out. The Dalrimples of St. Paul, who, ten years ago, were the largest farmers of wheat in Minnesota, raising as much as 40,000 bushels in a single year, went to the wall. Another large wheat raiser is D. M. Reavis, whose land lies on the borders of Colusa and Butte counties. He is also from Monroe county, Missouri, and has an unpretending little estate of 15,000 acres, 13,000 of which are in wheat, which he thinks will average this year thirty bushels, or 390,000 bushels. He is also hard pressed, and I am told is paying nine per cent. on a couple of hundred thousand dollars of borrowed money. If farmers, raising half a million to a million bushels of wheat, cannot get out of debt, it might be well to inquire what is the use of having so much land? The truth is that from the frequent failure of crops in California and the waste that attends on large operations of that kind, farming on a gigantic scale in this portion of the Pacific coast must be considered a failure. North of this, in Oregon and Washington Territories, there is no failure of the harvest; farming operations are carried on on a smaller scale, and consequently the farmers, while not rolling in wealth, are all well to-do.

Carpet Beetle.

We hear considerable complaint about this pest. It does not confine its ravages to carpets, but infests and injures wearing apparel, which has been left some time hanging in the closets. One person reports that it has been found eating cotton goods. The beetle so nearly resembles the one which is frequently seen on bacon, dried beef, etc., that most housewives, who happen to find one of these beetles on the window of a bedroom or chamber would suppose it to be the "bacon beetle." In our own experience we have found them attacking the white portions of a carpet in preference to the colored parts. The larva, which does the mischief, is dark brown, hairy, oval in shape, and the hairs at the head and tail are those fringing the sides. If the carpet be lifted carefully and quickly the little worm—about three-sixteenths of an inch long when fully grown—will lie perfectly still for a moment and then move rapidly into a convenient crack in the floor, or under the base-board of the room. The perfect beetle is supposed to subsist like its relative the "museum pest" on flowers, or the honey therein, although they have not been taken on flowers, except in California. The beetle is black, with a red line down the back from which lines are three projections on each side, opposite which projections and well down on the sides of the beetle are irregular white spots or splashes. Its length is about one-eighth of an inch. So far as tried, kerosene or benzine seems to be the only convenient medicament which will kill the larva. The ordinary remedies against moths seem to have no effect.

A nice little boy calls himself Compass because he is boxed so often.

D. I. BAILEY & CO..

Main Street, Opposite Sheridan House,

BISMARCK, - - - DAKOTA.

We wish to announce that we are now in receipt of a full assortment of one of the

LARGEST STOCKS OF HARDWARE

Ever brought to this market, consisting of a full and complete line of

Heavy and Shelf Hardware,

Granite, Iron, and Pressed Tinware, Lamps and Lamp Goods, Iron, Steel and Nails. Wooden Ware, Cordage, Building Paper, etc. In fact everything that can be found in a first-class Hardware Store. A complete line of

COOK & PARLOR STOVES,

All of which we will sell at reduced prices. An examination of our stock and prices is solicited.

COPPER, ZINC, AND SHEET IRON WORK

Done on the shortest notice, and by the best of workmen.

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Groceries, Crockery, Flour,

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EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.

Only the CHOICEST LIQUORS and CIGARS Sold.

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NUMEROUS AMUSEMENTS,

Thus making it the most popular resort in the City.

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FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given to orders by mail

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IS MANUFACTURED BY

FISH BROS. & CO.,

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WE MAKE EVERY VARIETY OF

FARM, FREIGHT AND SPRING WAGONS,

And by confining ourselves strictly to one class of work; by employing none but the

BEST OF WORKMEN,

Using nothing but

FIRST-CLASS IMPROVED MACHINERY, and the VERY BEST OF SELECTED TIMBER,

And by a THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE of the business, we have justly earned the reputation of making

"THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS!"

We give the following warranty with each wagon:

WE HEREBY WARRANT the FISH BROS. WAGON No. to be well made in every particular and of good material, and that the strength of the same is sufficient for all work with fair usage. Should any breakage occur within one year from this date by reason of defective material or workmanship, repairs for the same will be furnished at place of sale, free of charge, or the price of said repairs, as per agent's price list, will be paid in cash, by the purchaser producing a sample of the broken or defective parts as evidence.

Racine, Wis., Jan. 1, 1878. { TITUS G. FISH, EDWIN B. FISH, JNO. C. FISH, } FISH BROS. CO.

Knowing we can suit you, we solicit patronage from every section of the United States, and for Prices and Terms, and for a copy of our AGRICULTURAL PAPER to

FISH BROS. & CO., Racine, Wis.

THE BULLY OF GILROY.

BY THE MAJOR.

There is not a community in the length and breadth of the land that has not its bully. A very sweeping statement, to be sure, but every person who reads these words can, after a moment's reflection, put his finger on a swaggering, blustering bully, who is forever bragging of his strength and displaying his brutality, by his disposition to impose on some person weaker than himself.

In the more law-abiding districts, these fellows lean towards pugilism, and delight in dog-fights. They are the terror of the timid and the heroes of the depraved, and usually spend their declining years as guests of the State, or die with their boots on.

As the bully is invariably a coward, he never blazes out in all his overhearing brass till he feels secure in the knowledge of pistol or knife concealed on his person, where there is a law, or ostentatiously displaying them where there is none. Hence he is a prominent figure in frontier villages, where the daring pioneer has gone on, and law has not yet come, with the security its presence gives.

Gilroy is a thriving, beautifully-located, well-to-do place now. Twenty years ago its location was just as attractive, but in every other respect it was not a flourishing place for business, nor a desirable place for quiet, religious families to settle down. The worst characters of the coast-range made it their headquarters, and the horse-thieves of Tulare Valley looked upon it as their base of supplies. Yet even twenty years ago the advance guard of industry and respectability secured some of the best positions on the park-like lands around Gilroy.

Prominent among these early settlers were the families of Ernest Roberts and Hector Mason. They had come from the Eastern States together, and the heads of the families had been friends and the children playfellows all their lives. As they brought considerable means with them, they were enabled at once to stock and open up their farms in a way that secured immediate comfort and promised prosperity.

They were just the people to settle a new country, for, in addition to their great probity and eminent respectability, their homes swarmed with healthy children, some of whom had not even learned to hop, while others had learned to love.

Jennie Roberts, nineteen, was the oldest of her father's many children, and young Frank Mason thought her, by all odds, not only the prettiest and best of her own family, but of all her sex, so far as his experience extended. To be sure he could not see well—not that he had any defect of vision, but Love plays strange pranks with the best of eyes, and Frank Mason was one of his victims. In this case, however, Love could scarcely have exaggerated the merits of its object.

There was many dark-blown scoundrels near Gilroy, and at certain seasons Digger Indian squaws, in the scantiest of calico fig-leaves, came to the settlement to trade; but the attractions of aborigine and native born paled in the eyes of Gilroy's army of bachelors, the moment Jennie Roberts made her appearance.

It did not take long for the better inclined to see for themselves that Jennie's heart was another's, so they prudently withdrew from the contest, though they could not cease to admire and respect one who was as good and modest as she was bright and beautiful.

At this time Gilroy had a bully. To be sure it had a dozen fellows with similar ruffianly tendencies, but Jack Culp was pre-eminently the master in his way. He was a stout, thick-set man of thirty-five, with long red hair, a florid face, and always appeared in an attire that might be described as loose and loud.

Jack Culp was ostensibly a horse-trader, and undisguisedly a gambler. He put on the belt containing his knife and pistol with as much punctuality as his boots of wide-brimmed slouch hat. He was a fierce swearer, a loud talker, and as such men are invariably braggarts, Jack Culp proved no exception to the rule.

There was a general impression among the people of Gilroy that he had killed scores of men in fights and duels; but as this belief had its origin in Jack Culp's statements, there were not a few rash enough openly to assert that they thought Jack Culp could lie without feeling any subsequent pang of conscience.

The protection and exclusiveness that society throws around the home in the older States are unknown in a new settlement. Every body knows every body, and there is a free-and-easy way of getting acquainted that is often pleasant, but as often the reverse, for there is not a frontier cut-throat who would not get murderously indignant if any one intimated he was not a gentleman and fit associate for the best.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that Jack Culp soon got acquainted with the Roberts and Mason families, nor that such a man should, from the first, attempt to render himself attractive in the eyes of Miss Jennie.

He soon learned the relations that Frank Mason sustained to the young lady; but what cared he for that? He would put Frank Mason out of the way, or scare him away, if he dared to cross his path.

He was a frequent visitor at Mr. Roberts' house, and at last became so repulsive to Jennie that she refused to see him when aware of his coming. He waylaid and watched for her; he sent her ribbons and jewelry, which she returned. And he went so far as to send her a letter, in which, in bad English and worse spelling, he made her an offer of his heart and hand.

Mr. Roberts sent the note back, with the endorsement that such negotiations could go on only through him.

Frank Mason knew all of this, but so

long as no indignity was offered to his betrothed he saw no reason for coming into collision with the Bully of Gilroy.

The first harvest was in, and the families in the settlement decided to commemorate the event by a harvest-home picnic, one of the best and most poetic ideas we have retained from our mother England. Every body within twenty miles of Gilroy was at this festival, and men who heretofore had looked upon Sunday as the only time to renew their shirts, turned out on Thursday, with the novel sensation of men who approach godliness unexpectedly by being clean at an unusual time.

This day Jack Culp was out in all his glory, with the reddest of kerchiefs at his throat, and a cataract of chain tumbling down his vest and into the ample left-hand pocket of the same article. The village barber shaved, shampooed, clipped and oiled him that morning, till he emitted the odor of a fancy-soap shop. For the first time in six months he had his boots blacked, and as he thought they looked better than his pants, he pushed the pants inside their ample tops.

Jack Culp's desire to be a dandy, at this harvest-home, extended so far that he even cleaned, fresh-oiled and reloaded his pistols, as well as polishing up the knife to which he playfully applied the stale name of "toothpick."

Thus arrayed, he was a giant of beauty, in his own eyes, and to be candid, he was by no means a dwarf in the eyes of those with whom he came in contact.

The place of the picnic was in one of those park-like groves so peculiar to the valleys about Gilroy—splendid oaks, no undergrowth, grassy slopes, and a stream of water near by that looked like condensed air. There was a charming place to eat, musicians from San Jose, and a splendid platform for dancing. Of course the young people availed themselves of these advantages, and after the dinner was over the musicians had no rest; and the leader—who, by the way, played a coronet—thought he never saw people so fireless, and he was particularly struck with the activity of Jack Culp.

Mr. Jack Culp laid claims to being a dancer. Next thing to putting heads on men, his forte was to dance women off their feet, and this was an occasion he could not slip. He had importuned Jennie Roberts so often to dance, that to escape him, she strolled up the stream, girl-like, thinning the eyes of the bully of Gilroy were not on her. She sat down on the rock where she imagined she was secluded, when she heard a step on the grass, and, before she could rise, Jack Culp was beside her, and his arm about her waist.

Jennie sprang to her feet, and, with flashing eyes, ordered him away; but he rose with her, and said:

"Jennie, that's no use in your tryin' to shake me. I love you and you've got to be my wife, even if I have to kill that sneak, Frank Mason!"

Jennie Roberts was alarmed, and was about to cry out, when suddenly a form sprang between her and Jack Culp, and, looking, she saw Frank Mason, with fiery eyes and snowy cheeks, between her and the bully.

"I have lost my patience with you, you dog! Leave here!" cried the infuriated Mason.

Jack Culp, recovering himself, shouted an oath and sent out his fist in reply.

Jennie screamed and begged Frank to desist; but the dam of his pent-up wrath was down, and putting her gently back, he buttoned up his coat with his left hand, and leaped forward, with his right extended.

The blow on the bully's face sounded like a pistol-shot, and was so well planted that Jack Culp fell like a log, with his eyes blinded and his nose bleeding.

Your bully, if beaten in skill and strength, has ever the coward's subtlety—a concealed weapon. Jack Culp had a small arsenal, and, without rising, he drew a pistol and fired. The well-meant ball sped wide of its mark.

Frank Mason was mad—so mad that his impulse carried him in the same direction had there been ten thousand Jack Culp's, with the triggers of ten thousand pistols under their index fingers firing at him.

Before Culp could fire again, his heavy heels came down on his breast, an iron grip was on his throat, and another grip so powerful on his right wrist, that it weakened, and the pistol fell from it.

Frank Mason was a lion with a mad bull in his talons. He never lost his presence of mind, but flogged the bully till he roared for mercy; and then taking Culp's knife and pistols, he threw them into the stream, gave him a final kick that sent him on all-fours, and, with Jennie on his arm, returned to the dancing.

Jack Culp went home after that, and the next day Frank Mason received, through the medium of another bully, a challenge. Being a brave gentleman, and brought up to look upon duelling as barbarous of old, and the subterfuge of a murderer in these days, he declined very properly to consider it.

Jack Culp hoped for this, and at once published Frank Mason as a coward, and gave it out that he would shoot him on sight. His version of the story was that Mason had assaulted him, in a cowardly way, when he was not expecting the attack, and that, under the circumstances, he could not resist the unmerited punishment he received.

Frank Mason's business did not take him to town for ten days after the event above narrated, and Jack Culp, who spent his time foaming in the streets, looked on this fact as an evidence of the cowardice of the man he hated. He alleviated his indignity, in the meantime, by resorting to the cup, and so was drunk two-thirds of the time he was awake, and his sleep was filled with dreams of vengeance.

Jack Culp was in the bar of the Almaden Saloon, and was relating, for the

thousandth time, his version of the difficulty with Frank Mason, and vowing to kill him the moment he saw him, when he was startled by hearing the words:

"Mason is here, and now is your time!" Jack Culp dropped his glass on the floor, and, turning, saw Frank Mason about ten paces off.

"You have threatened to kill me—now is your chance!" said Mason, raising his weapon.

Jack Culp looked at the young farmer, looked pleadingly at his brother bullies, and, seeing no hope, he turned and fled through the back door; and Frank Mason, putting up his pistol, said, with a laugh:

"It wasn't even loaded; but I wanted to show you men the stuff bullies are made of."

After this Frank was looked upon as a very brave man—a perfect Nelson in courage—and when he married Jennie Roberts even the remaining bullies said it was a good match; and when, a year afterward, the news came that Jack Culp was hanged by the *Vigilantes* for horse-stealing over on the San Joaquin, the bullies agreed with the decent people when they said, "He deserved his fate."

Cows and Children at Sea.

Coops of live chickens have always been a ship appurtenance. The stable with a live cow in it is a later effort in the way of land luxury at sea. Good Words describes how the nautical mooley serves to amuse as well as feed the little passengers:

The youngsters who happen to be on board have their own amusements in the games and sports of children. To these juveniles, the cow is an object of much interest. The poor animal, which is required for the sake of its milk, occupies (as we have seen it) a booth at the corner of one of the paddle-boxes.

There, well bedded, and tied up, cow-fashion, it is observed munching its food with the most perfect placidity; although a thousand miles from home, and the sea all around with long sweeping waves, might be supposed to disturb its equanimity. For a while it has a door with the upper part left open.

Stretching over the lower half-door, the children looked in and made their comments on the comfortable quarters, speak of the nice smell of the hay, and wonder if the cow is ever seasick. We have seldom seen a fractious child in arms who has not been soothed by being treated to a look at the cow.

This practice of taking cows to sea is one of the luxuries of modern traveling. A concern such as the Cunard has an establishment of cows at Liverpool and New York, and there is a change of animals each voyage. A curious life is that of a cow.

Twelve days browsing in a field and stretching its legs, and the next twelve crossing the Atlantic. If one of these cows could write the story of its life, it might tell of having crossed the Atlantic a hundred and fifty times, and seen a good deal of the world.

The grangers of the United States are now quoted as numbering 500,000 members. This is far less than the reported number a few years ago, but if the membership is smaller, many lukewarm adherents have been weeded out, and inefficient granges have ceased to act. Thus the organization may be in every respect far stronger and more efficient than when it numbered nearly a million members. In any event, an organization that has stood twelve years intact, with granges in every state and territory in the Union, shows it to have principles founded upon justice and liberal human feeling.

Treatment of Cuts.

In treating ordinary cuts, cleanliness and care are generally more exquisite than skill. If the cut be extensive, or an artery, vein or any other important part be injured, it becomes a more urgent matter. Accidental cuts from knives, cutting tools, scythes, etc., are more likely to occur on the face and limbs than on the body. All that is requisite, in general, is to bring the parts together as accurately as possible, and to bind them up; this is usually done by adhesive plaster, when the cut ceases to bleed. Nothing is so good for this purpose as paper previously washed over on one side with thick gum-water, and then dried, when used, it is only to be slightly wetted with the tongue. When the cut bleeds but little, it is as well to soak the part in warm water for a few minutes, or to keep a wet cloth on it. This removes inflammation and pain, and also a tendency to faintness which a cut gives some persons. If the bleeding be too copious, dab the part with a rag wetted with creosote. If the wound be large it should be sewed up. If the blood that issues be very scarlet, it may be concluded that an artery has been touched, and then, whenever the bleeding cannot be stopped, medical aid must be procured; the best method to pursue is to bind up the wound tightly, or to hold a finger tightly against the part that bleeds.

It is related of the late Isaac Butt that going home late one night, he was accosted by a desperate-looking ruffian in one of the suburbs of Dublin and asked what he was going to stand. "Well," replied Mr. Butt, meekly, "I'm sorry that I can't give you much, my friend, but what I have I will share. Here," he continued, drawing a revolver from his pocket, "is a weapon which has six chambers. I will give you three, and—here Mr. Butt found himself alone.

Soft putty is composed of flour, whiting and raw linseed oil; hard putty, or whiting and boiled linseed oil; harder putty, the same ingredients as the last, with the addition of a small quantity of turpentine for more quickly drying it; hardest putty is composed of oil, red or white lead and sand.

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BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP
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WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND
BILLIARDS,
AT THE OLD STAND, MOORHEAD, MINN.
Headquarters for Army and Missouri River
People. 10f

VEGETINE
I will try Vegetine.
He did.
AND WAS CURED
Delaware, O., Feb. 16, 1877

Mr. H. R. Stevens.
Dear Sir,—I wish to give you this testimony that you may know, and let others know, what Vegetine has done for me. About two years ago a small sore came on my leg; it soon became a large Ulcer, so troublesome that I consulted the doctor, but I got no relief, growing worse from day to day. I suffered terribly; I could not rest day or night; I was so reduced my friends thought I would never recover; I consulted a doctor at Columbus. I followed his advice: it did no good. I can truly say I was discouraged. At this time I was looking over my newspaper; I saw your advertisement of Vegetine, the "Great Blood Purifier" for cleansing the blood from all impurities, curing Humors, Ulcers, etc. I said to myself, I will try some of the Vegetine. Before I had used the first bottle I began to feel better. I made up my mind I had got the right medicine at last. I could not sleep well nights. I continued taking the Vegetine. I took thirteen bottles. My health is good. The Ulcer is gone, and I am able to attend to business. I paid about four hundred dollars for medicine before I bought the Vegetine. I have recommended Vegetine to others with good success. I always keep a bottle of it in the house now. It is a most excellent medicine. Very respectfully yours.

F. ANTHONI.
Mr. Anthoni is one of the pioneers of Delaware. He settled here in 1834. He is a wealthy gentleman, of the firm of F. Anthoni & Sons. Mr. Anthoni is extensively known, especially among the Germans. He is well known in Cincinnati. He is respected by all.
Impure Blood.—In morbid conditions of the blood are many diseases; such as salt-rheum, ring-worm, boils, carbuncles, sores, ulcers and pimples. In this condition of the blood try the Vegetine, and cure these afflictions. As a blood purifier it has no equal. Its effects are wonderful.

VEGETINE
Cured Her.
Dorchester, Mass., June 11.

Dr. Stevens.—
Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty to say one word in regard to the great benefit I have received from the use of one of the greatest wonders of the world; it is your Vegetine. I have been one of the greatest sufferers for the last eight years that ever could be living. I do sincerely thank my God and your Vegetine for the relief I have got. The Rheumatism has pained me to such an extent, that my feet broke out in sores. For the last three years I have not been able to walk; now I can walk and sleep, and do my work as well as ever I did, and I must say I owe it all to your purifier, Vegetine.
MARGERY WELLS.

Vegetine.—The great success of the Vegetine as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.

VEGETINE
Is better than any
MEDICINE.

HENDERSON, Ky., Dec., 1877.
I have used H. R. Stevens' Vegetine, and like it better than any medicine I have used for purifying the blood. One bottle of Vegetine accomplished more good than all other medicines I have taken.

THOS. LYNE,
Henderson, Ky.
VEGETINE is composed of Roots, Barks, and Herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

VEGETINE
Recommended by
M. D.'s.

H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—I have sold Vegetine for a long time, and find it gives most excellent satisfaction.

A. B. DE FINEST, M. D.,
Hazleton, Ind.

VEGETINE
Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

St. Paul Business Directory.
(W. L. Perkins, Maurice Lyons.)
PERKINS, LYONS & CO.—Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines, and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandy, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No. 94 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.
CHAIK & LARKIN—Importers and Dealers in Groceries, French, Chinese, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. East Third Street St. Paul, Minn.
CAMPBELL, BURBANK & CO.—Hat and Cigar makers and Jobbers of Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods, No. 59 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minnesota.

ISAACS—Manufacturer and Jobber in Cigars. 55 Jackson Street, opposite Auerbach, Finch, Cuthbertson & Co., St. Paul, Minn.

MINNEAPOLIS BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
CLARK HOUSE—Corner Fourth Street and Hennepin Ave., two blocks from the Academy of Music. Only first class Two Dollar House. New, Elegantly furnished, and situated in the finest portion of the City.

JOHN C. OSWALD,
Wholesale Dealer in
WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS.
No. 17 Washington Av., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

E. L. Strauss & Bro.,
WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,
BISMARCK, D. T.

John P. Hoagland,
Carpenter and Builder,
Fifth St. Near Custer Hotel,

BISMARCK, D. T.
Contracting and Building of every nature.
Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

CHICAGO, Milwaukee & St. Paul RAILWAY
MAKES CLOSE CONNECTIONS
AT ST. PAUL, WITH
St. Paul & Pacific R. R.
—FOR—
WINONA, LA CROSSE, SPARTA, OWA-TONNA, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, MCGREGOR, MADISON,

Milwaukee, Chicago,
And all Intermediate Points in
Minnesota, Wisconsin & Northern Iowa
New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington,
New England, the Canadas, and all
EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.
2 ROUTES.
—AND—
3 DAILY TRAINS
Between
Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Rail way is the only North-western Line connecting in same depot in Chicago with any of the Great Eastern and Southern Railways, and in the most convenient. Located with reference to reach any Depot, Hotel or place of business in that City.

Through Tickets and Through Baggage Checks to all Principal Cities.
Steel Rail Trunk, thoroughly ballasted, free from dust. Westinghouse Improved Automatic Air Brake, Miller's Safety Platform and Couplings on all Passenger Cars.

The Finest Day Coaches and Palace Sleeping Cars.
This Road connects more Business Centres, Health and Pleasure Resorts, and passes through a finer country, with grander scenery, than any other North-western Line.

A. V. H. CARPENTER,
Gen'l Ticket Agent
S. S. MERRILL,
General Manager
J. N. COULT,
Asst. Gen'l Manager.

Northern Pacific R. R.
1876 Summer Arrangement. 1876.

TAKE THE Custer Route TO THE BLACK HILLS.
Thro' Express Trains FROM ST. PAUL to BISMARCK, DAILY.

Making close connections at ST. PAUL with trains from CHICAGO and all points south.

No Delay! Continuous Run!
Connects at St. Paul with all trains East and South; at Minneapolis with all trains from that city; at St. Cloud with all trains for Melrose and the Sauk Valley; at Brainerd all trains make close connections to and from Duluth and to and from the West and South.
Close connection with Lake Steamers at Duluth; St. Paul trains at N. P. Junction; St. Paul & Pacific Railroad trains at Glynndon for Fisher's, Fort Garry and the British Possessions, via steamers of Red River Transportation Co.; at Moorhead, Fargo, B. T., with steamers for Fort Garry, Pembina, and all points on the Red River; at Bismarck with steamers to all points north and south on the Missouri River, including Standing Rock, Forts Rice, Berthold, Carroll, Helena, Benton, and other points in Montana; also with N. W. Stage and Express Co.'s line to Deadwood City and all points in the Black Hills.
Dated April 7, 1876.

H. E. SARGENT,
General Manager, St. Paul.
G. S. SANBORN,
Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt.,
H. A. TOWNE,
Superintendent, Bismarck.

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY G. A. LOUNSBERRY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Weekly, One Year, \$2.50
Six Months, \$1.50
Three Months, .75

ADVERTISING RATES:
Transient—Display, One inch, one time, \$1;
subsequent insertions, 50 cents; additional lines,
proportionately. Legal Notices—Seventy-five cents per folio for
first insertion and fifty cents per folio for each
subsequent insertion.
Contract Rates—One inch, three months, \$5;
2 1/2 inches, three months, \$10; 5 inches, \$15; 10
inches, \$25; 20 inches, \$50.
Professional cards, four lines or less, per an-
num, \$10; additional lines, \$2.50.
Local business notices, 10 cents per line each
insertion.
Original poetry, \$1 per line.
All bills for advertising will be collected
monthly.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge
No. 130, A. F. & M. S., are held in their hall on
the first and third Mondays of each month at 7
p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially in-
vited. JOSEPH HARE, W. M.
EMER N. COREY, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12
I. O. O. F., are held in Raymond Hall every Tues-
day. Brothers in good standing are cordially in-
vited. W. G. BENTLEY, N. G.
S. T. SIMONSON, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Miller, R.
D. rector. Services at the brick school house
every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday
school after morning service. All are cordially
invited to attend.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Sun-
day at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School immediately after the morning
services. Prayer meeting every Thursday even-
ing at 7:30 p. m. Geo. W. BARNETT,
Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner of Tay-
cor and Second Sts., Rev. W. C. Stevens, Pastor.
Sabbath services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday
School at the close of the morning service. Prayer
meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats free.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily, Sun-
days excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leave daily, except
Sunday at 7:45 a. m.
Leaves for Fort Stevenson, Berthold, and Bu-
ford every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8
a. m.; arriving every Monday, Wednesday and
Friday at 3:30 p. m.
Leave for Fort Yates and Sully and all down
river posts daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m.; ar-
riving at Bismarck daily except Sunday at 8 p. m.
Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all
points in Northern and Western Montana daily,
except Sunday, at 8 a. m.; and arriving at Bis-
marck daily except Sunday, at 4 p. m.
Leave for Deadwood and other points in the
Black Hills daily at 8 p. m.
Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M.
Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. On Sundays
from 7 to 9 a. m. and 4 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK, SATURDAY, AUG. 23, 1879.

The gallant and gifted Major Snyder has
accepted an editorial position on the Dead-
wood Pioneer.

The Union Pacific is building a rail-
road from Jackson, via the Niobrara, to
the Black Hills.

GATCHELL'S Pembina Pioneer is said to
have appeared and is warmly commended
but the color of its gown has not been
displayed in this vicinity yet.

THERE is a paper in Southern Dakota
which confesses that it has been publish-
ed sixteen weeks without the collection
of a dollar on account of advertising and
only two dollars on account of subscrip-
tions.

THE President has rescinded Grant's
executive order adding to the Sioux reser-
vation several million acres of land on
the east side of the Missouri river, and the
prohibited ground is now open to settle-
ment at the same as other public lands.

CHAMBERLAIN of the Fargo Times, is put-
ting in steam, a cylinder newspaper press
and three new jobbers, and about one
hundred and fifty dollars worth of new type—in
all about six thousand dollars worth of
new material, making the Times office one
of the best in the territory.

The Black Hills papers copy and com-
ment on THE TRIBUNE editorial of two weeks
ago in relation to the division of Dakota.
The Pioneer says: "The arguments ad-
vanced by THE TRIBUNE are certainly
sound, concise and convincing." Let us
work together for a new territory.

The Canton Advertiser, happily remarks:
"Blessed is the man who minds his own
business, leaves his neighbor to enjoy
himself, subscribes for a local paper and
pays the printer in advance. The sheep
such a one is sweet, and the goodness
of his heart is more fragrant than new
mown hay."

While Delegate Bennett is at Bismarck
he will probably look around and discov-
er the great necessity for additional pub-
lic surveys in Burleigh and Emmons
counties. He will see that more people
are settled on unsurveyed than on survey-
ed lands. He will understand how diffi-
cult it is to satisfy people that it is safe to
occupy unsurveyed lands and will doubt-
less realize how unsatisfactory it is to try
to build a home where no title can be had
in the land. Now that the Sioux reserva-
tion, east of the Missouri, is open to set-
tlement, the necessity for additional sur-
veys is greater than ever before. And now
the Sioux reservation is open, THE
Tribune hopes the authorities will re-
member that
the Fort Rice reservation,

should also be opened. There is no rea-
son why there should be a day's delay in
opening that reservation to settlement so
far as any public interest is concerned.
THE TRIBUNE hopes Mr. Bennett will
take notes on this subject and push the
matter of opening that reservation as he
did the other until satisfactory results can
be reached.

DEVELOPING AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS.

The editor of the Yankton Press & Da-
kotaian, in his correspondence from Bis-
marck well says, in speaking of the river
and military trade which gives but tran-
sient prosperity, "With the diminution of
this and other sources of transient pros-
perity, Bismarck will put its strong arm
to the plow and then will it commence
building on a foundation that will be last-
ing and upon which it will rear a pros-
perity that will continue permanent, and
make it at no distant day a thriving and
queerly city." This year Bismarck real-
izes the importance of its farming inter-
ests for thousands of dollars will be re-
tained in the country that would other-
wise have been sent out. Think of the
vast sums that have heretofore been paid
for freight on the single item of oats. Car
load after car load, train load after train
load, even, have heretofore been sent in,
but now, for the first time, Bismarck has
enough oats to meet local demands. The
same is true of potatoes, while the coun-
try has produced a very large amount of
corn, and after this year wheat will be-
come a staple product.

No wheat has been produced in the
country yet, excepting an acre or two for
samples, but in many oat fields this year
wheat is found that for plumpness rivals
anything yet seen in the North Pacific
country. Indeed it is now conceded that
the high uplands of the Missouri river
country are far superior for grain of all
kinds to the famous Red River country.
Holders of railroad bonds now realize this
and are investing in this region instead
of the low lands.

Bismarck's dull days will pass away
when the country is filled with indus-
trious farmers.

BLACK HILLS CARBONATES.

It will be remembered that the editor of
THE TRIBUNE, in his correspondence from
the Hills a year ago, spoke in the highest
terms of the Bald Mountain ores, which
he insisted were destined to become the
most valuable mines in America. Recent
discoveries are justifying this view which
was based, perhaps, more on "impressions"
than on a knowledge of facts. The Dead-
wood Pioneer, speaking of these same
mines, says:

"Day unto day uttereth speech,
and night unto night sheweth knowl-
edge of the great richness of the re-
cently discovered Bald Mountain carbo-
nates. From facts in our possession, we
are satisfied that even Leadville with its
fabulously reported deposits, pale into in-
significance when compared with the re-
cent finds. Developments upon the Conk-
ling, or discovery claim are too meagre to
make an estimate thereby, upon the value
of the district, but is sufficiently great to
incite an announcement that the richest
mines yet unearthed in the Hills, abound
at or near Bald Mountain. Mr. Adams,
well known to many of our citizens as a
gentleman of unimpeachable veracity,
was in town yesterday, and reported that
upon learning of the recent discoveries at
Bald Mountain, he repaired to a location
made by him some two miles distant,
where he had been casting aside as worth-
less, a curious conglomerate, which, re-
sembled the mineral found at Bald moun-
tain, some of which he gathered and gave
to an experienced mill man, a friend, who
returned an assay of \$1,800 to the ton. Astonished beyond all measure, he hasten-
ed to the ground and perfected his loca-
tion, and will prosecute work until the
value of the deposit shall be fully deter-
mined.

W. H. Jenkins, an experienced miner,
has thoroughly examined the "Carbonates,"
and is fully satisfied that they have
value, equal, if not superior to anything
pre-vented by Leadville, but is confident
that such specimens are but float, and that
a deposit has not been encountered, al-
though he is sanguine such must exist, in
close proximity to the place of discovery,
and that the great number of prospectors
now at work must speedily develop the
hidden wealth."

The gray ores found in the Bald moun-
tain district carry sufficient gold to pay
for working them and show a far greater
percentage of silver than the famous
Comstock showed when not more devel-
oped than they, and now comes the car-
bonate discoveries.

Cary Wilson's Funeral.

Saturday evening a letter for Cary
Wilson, who had died in the morning of
mountain fever, was received from a sister
reciting the sad details of their mother's
death and burial. The same day that let-
ter reached Bismarck, a telegram was re-
ceived at York, Pa., announcing Cary's
death. The news was harmless to the
mother. The fear that it might suddenly
terminate her lingering illness was ground-
less. She was dead and buried. The day
of her funeral Cary asked a lady waiting
at his delicious bed side, if she saw his
mother. She answered "no." "Of course
you don't. She is dead. I have just come
from her funeral."

Sunday a telegram was received advis-
ing his burial here and subsequent remov-

al of his remains to York. Tuesday af-
ternoon the funeral services, conducted by
the Rev. Mr. Miller, were held at the Pres-
byterian Church. The pall-bearers were
six young men: Oliver Whitaker, H. H.
Day, J. S. Plants, W. C. Davie, Walter
Bragg and S. H. Emerson. The remains
were encased in a beautiful casket and
buried in the church-yard.

A few delirious moments! Death! Tears
and flowers. The grave. Another day
and the solemn change is forgotten. Here
and there will a heart still ache. Yet may
not the dead mourn for the living? Is it
all harm to the lifeless friend? To us
Cary's was a lonely departure. No moth-
er, father or sisters to whisper good bye.
New made friends there were, and one so
devoted that his own nature now visibly
bears the traces of his tireless watch.

A Floater.

A dead body was given up by the Mis-
souri at Fort Lincoln, Thursday and Dr.
Taylor and Lieut. Wagner were appointed
to act in place of a coroner's jury, the
civil authorities having no jurisdiction.
The body seemed to be that of a laboring
man; to have been in the water about
two weeks; it was badly decomposed and
gnawed by fish; it had gray woolen shirt,
pants and shoes. In India ink on the
arm in red and black were two hands
clasped, and over this figure the initials
"J. M. C." A ticket issued at Fort Ben-
ton July 23 having on it the steamer He-
lena stamp was found on the body.

Killed in Self Defense.

[Deadwood Times.]

Seth Bullock, who returned to town the
other day with a string of prairie chick-
ens, said he killed them in self defense,
that while crossing a section of valley land
a large covey of the savage birds attacked
himself and dog, and he was obliged to
handle his gun lively in self protection.
Young prairie chickens are very ferocious
in the Black Hills country, especially be-
fore the 15th of August, and these killed
before that date are killed only in self de-
fense.

Mandan Transportation.

The steamer Deever having hauled off
the re is now no way to cross the river
with carriages excepting via Fort Lincoln
on the steamer Union. Joe Deitrich runs
the buss, carrying U. S. Express and
Mail from Bismarck to the landing, and
Charley Kupitz runs his four horse coach
from the landing to Mandan. This gives
to passengers quick transportation and
comfortable accommodation, but the
teams, as before stated, are ruled out.

Ribbons! Ribbons!

the latest styles and colors at
DAN EISENBERG'S.

LIFE IN A BOTTLE.

The Most Valuable Medical Discovery
Known to the World—No more use
for Quinine, Calomel or Mineral
Poisons—Life for the Blood, Strength
for the Nerves, and Health for All.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PUBLIC.
Believing that by cleansing the blood and build-
ing up the constitution was the only true way of
banishing disease and being troubled with weak-
ness of the lungs, catarrh, very much broken
down in constitution, &c., and after trying the
best physicians and paying out my money for
many kinds of medicines advertised without find-
ing a permanent cure, I began doctoring myself
using medicines made from roots and herbs. I
fortunately discovered a wonderful Bitters or
Blood Cleanser, the first bottle of which gave me
new life and vigor, and in time effected a perma-
nent cure. I was free from catarrh, my lungs be-
came strong and sound, being able to stand the
most severe cold and exposure, and I have gained
over thirty pounds in weight. Feeling confident
that I had made a wonderful discovery, in medi-
cine, I prepared a quantity of the Root Bitters,
and as in the habit of giving them away to
sick friends and neighbors, I found the medicine
cured the most wonderful cures of all diseases
caused from humors or scrofula in the blood,
Impudence, Bad Stomach, Weakness, Kidney
Disease, Torpid Liver, &c., &c. The news of my
discovery in this way spread from one person to
another until I found myself called upon to sup-
ply patients with the Root Bitters, and I was
induced to establish a laboratory for com-
pounding and bottling the Root Bitters in large
quantities, and I now devote all my time to this
business.

I first began in presenting either
myself or discovery in this way to the public, not
being a patent medicine man and with small
capital, but I am getting bravely over that. Since
first advertising this medicine I have been
crowded with orders from druggists and country
dealers, and the hundreds of letters I have re-
ceived from persons cured, prove the fact that
no remedy ever did so much good in so short a
time and had so much success as the Root Bitters.
In fact, I am convinced that they will soon take
the lead of all other medicines in use. Nearly
one hundred retail druggists, right here at home
in Cleveland, now sell Root Bitters, some of
them have already sold over one thousand
bottles.

Root Bitters are strictly a medicinal prepara-
tion, such as was used in the good old days of
our forefathers, when people were cured by some
simple root or plant, and when humors and other
poisons of the mineral kingdom were unknown.
They act strongly on the liver and kidneys,
keep the bowels regular and build up the nervous
system. They penetrate every part of the body,
searching out every nerve, bone and tissue from
the head to the feet, cleansing and strengthening
the fountain springs of life, hence they must
reach all diseases by purification and nourish-
ment.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are,
what the disease or ailment is, use Root Bitters.
Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel
bad or miserable, use the Bitters at once. It may
save your life.

Thousands of persons in all parts of the coun-
try are already using ROOT BITTERS. They
have saved many lives of consumptives who had
been given up by friends and physicians to die,
and have permanently cured many old chronic
cases of Catarrh, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspep-
sia, and Skin Diseases, where all other treatments
had failed. Are you troubled with sick headache,
constiveness, dizziness, weakness, bad taste in
the mouth, nervousness, and broken down in
constitution? You will be cured if you take
ROOT BITTERS. Have you humors and pimples
on your face or skin? Nothing will give you such
good health, strength, and beauty as ROOT
BITTERS.

I know that jealous physicians will cry
humbly because my discovery cures so many of
their patients, but I care not. It is now my de-
sire and determination to place my ROOT BIT-
TERS as fast as possible within the reach of all
those suffering throughout the world. Sold by
wholesale and retail druggists and country mer-
chants, or sent by express on receipt of price,
\$1.00 per bottle, or six bottles \$5.00. For cer-
ificates of wonderful cures, see my large circular
around each bottle of medicine. Read and judge
for yourself.

Send your druggist or merchant for
FRASIER'S ROOT BITTERS, the great Blood
Cleanser, and take no substitute he may recom-
mend because he makes a larger profit.
W. FRASIER, Discoverer,
37 Superior St., Cleveland, O.
For wholesale by E. J. S. S. Co., San Fran-
cisco, Cal.

ST. PAUL BRANCH

CLOTHING HOUSE,

Bismarck, D. T.

Special Announcement next week.

SIG HANAUER, Prop.

McLEAN & MACNIDER, WHOLESALE GROCERS.

Sole Agents for Schlitz's Export Beer and Peasley's Ale and Porter.

Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.

MANDAN COLUMN.

P. O. CHILSTROM FRANK J. EAD.
CHILSTROM & MEADE—Attorneys at Law,
Mandan, D. T.

Northwestern Hotel,

MANDAN, D. T.,

P. H. BYRNE, PROPRIETOR.

First-Class Accommodations.

This House sets the best table of any hotel in
Mandan and its sleeping apartments are also
superior.

Don't Forget the House.

W. C. DAVIE'S
CHEAP CASH STORE,
Mandan, D. T.

An Elegant Assortment of
CLOTHING,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
Notions and Stationery.
Cigars and Tobaccos

Always on hand. 2c



ROYAL
TOLL WEIGHT
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
BAKING POWDER

Absolutely pure—made from Grape Cream of
Tartar, imported exclusively for this Powder from
the wine district of France. Always uniform
and wholesome. Sold only in cans by all grocers.
A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid
on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POW-
DER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap
powders contain alum; dangerous to health;
avoid them; especially when offered loose or in
bulk.

SEND TO F. G. RICH & Co., Portland,
Me., for best Agency Business in the
World. Expensive outfit free.

STOVES

FROM \$12 UPWARD,

(St. Paul Prices)

BY

Geo. Peoples,

at the

Pioneer Hardware Store.

THOMAS VAN ETEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BISMARCK D. T.

Chris Hiehli,
KING OF BARBERS,
MILES CITY, MONTANA.

A First-Class shaving hall where none but the
most competent workmen are employed

Hot and Cold Bath.

WATER! WATER!

25 Cents Per Barrel.

Buy your water from the

GREEN TANKS

RUN BY

Harrigan & Marble.

Best in the City.

BISMARCK

AND

FT. BUFORD

STAGE AND EXPRESS

AND

U. S. MAIL

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and interven-
ing points Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at
8 a. m., making the full trip in five days.
Stages will be re Buford on same days as from
Bismarck, at 6 a. m.
For Express, Passage or Freight apply to
JOHN LEASURE, agent, at J. W. Raymond
& Co.
Bismarck, D. T.
Or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

10,000 NAMES of residents wanted.
For 25 names and 25
cents we will send you a fine silk
handkerchief, every thread silk, reg-
ular price \$1.00. G. W. Foster & Co.,
125 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. 44

WANTED ONE SALESMAN
for each State. Salary
from \$75 to \$100 per
month and expenses. References required.
LA BELLE MFG CO.,
93 Clark Street, Chicago.

IMPERFECT PAGE

PRE-EMPTION RIGHTS.

No Right Can Be Established on Land Already Settled Upon.

The commissioner of the general land office has issued a circular to land officers, directing their attention to the following extracts from the decisions of the United States supreme court:

"To create a right of pre-emption there must be settlement, inhabitation, and improvement by the pre-emptor, conditions which cannot be met when the land is in the occupation of another. Settlement, inhabitation, and improvement of one piece of land can confer no rights to another adjacent to it, which at the commencement of the settlement is in the possession and use of others, though upon a subsequent survey by the government it prove to be a part of the same sectional subdivision. Under the pre-emption laws, as held in *Atherton vs. Fowler*, the right to make a settlement is to be exercised on unsettled land; the right to make improvements is to be exercised on uninhabited land; and the right to erect a dwelling house is to be exercised on vacant land. None of these things can be done on land when it is occupied and used by others."

"The term bona fide, as applied to the pre-emption claimant does not change the qualifications of such claimant, nor the conditions upon which, under the general law, a settlement with a view to pre-emption is permitted. It was intended to designate one who had settled upon land subject to pre-emption, with the intention to acquire its title, and had complied or was proceeding to comply, in good faith, with the requirements of the law to perfect his right to it. The plaintiff does not come within the class."

The commissioner says: In the foregoing, the supreme court in substance reiterated the doctrine previously announced in the case of *Atherton vs. Fowler*, 46 U. S., 513. The syllabus of that decision is as follows:

"No right of pre-emption can be established by a settlement and improvement of a tract of public land where the claimant forcibly intruded upon the possession of one who had already settled upon, improved and enclosed that tract. Such an intrusion, though made under pretense of pre-empting the land, is but a naked unlawful trespass, and can not inure to a right of pre-emption."

In the future execution of the pre-emption, homestead, and timber culture laws you will be governed by the principles laid down in these decisions. Lands covered by existing settlements are not legally open to homestead, pre-emption, or timber culture entries, except with the consent of the settler, and any entries of such lands which may be allowed under the pre-emption, homestead or timber culture laws will be open to contest by the settler according to the rules of practice, approved October 9, 1878.

Custer's Lake.

Our people are probably not aware that within a distance of six miles, due south of this city, rests a beautiful lake covering about an acre of ground, and having a depth of about six feet. It is remote from all public highways, at present accessible only by an old Indian trail, and its existence is known but to a very few; among the number being Prof. Jenny, who claims it under a water right location, and who gave it the name of "Custer's Lake." It is supplied by a nameless stream carrying about 100 inches, and by numerous springs all of the clearest, purest water. The bed is of hard gravel. Indian signs abound to show that the locality in days gone by, was a favorite camping ground for the reds. A tepee pole, many years ago, fell or was placed in the crotch of a growing spruce. Two branches twined around the pole, their fibres reunited, the tree grew, and now presents the appearance of having been bored for the purpose of receiving the pole which it so firmly holds. That the water of this hidden reservoir may be cheaply introduced into Deadwood for domestic and other purposes, seems a feasible proposition. *Deadwood Pioneer.*

Denny to Have a Life Pass.

[Yankton Herald]

Dennis Hannafin, of Bismarck, is to have a life pass over the Northern Pacific railroad as a mark of appreciation for the constant exertions he has put forth in behalf of the road and the country contiguous to it, and on account of his being the oldest pioneer on the Northern Pacific, and we are glad to see the company recognize the fact.

Strayed.

From the ranch of Badger & Parkin, on or about July 15th, 1878, from Long Lake Creek, opposite Fort Rice, thirty-two head of dark bay and black horses, also one yearling bull, and one yearling cow, were strayed. The finder will be liberally rewarded for returning said stock to Badger & Parkin, such or by giving such information as may lead to their recovery to either Wm. C. Badger or H. S. Parkin, Standing Rock, Dakota.

Wm. C. BADGER,
H. S. PARKIN.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine For September.

This exceedingly interesting publication comes to us as bright, fresh and lively as ever, richly lighted with choice, entertaining, and altogether delightful reading-matter. Among the illustrated papers are another of Mr. Ghersey's on the "Persecutions"—the subject, "Persecutions of the Hollands"—and containing sketches of the notable Pontiffs Gregory IX, Gregory X, Celestine V., and Boniface VIII. "The Zuni Legend," by Major Calhoun; "The Jains of India," by Lavettie's Escape from Prison; "A Divinity and Knighthood," etc., are admirable articles. Among the stories worthy of particular mention are "Rush and Recreation," by Rev. Mr. Baker; "Arthur Moreland's Fortune," by "A Thorny Path"; "Reuben Holmes's Faith," etc., etc. The poems are original, and possess unusual merit, fully sustaining the reputation which this magazine has won for itself in this department of literature. The more strictly religious papers include "Remember," by Thomas A. Hoyt, D. D.; "The Invalid's Portion," a sermon by the editor on the subject, "Secrecy, Deceit, and Hypocrisy," etc., etc. In the editorial department the editor discusses various timely subjects, among the rest "Elegant Simplicity," "The Boys at the Springs," "Egotism," "Meadows," "Tapping the Wheels," etc. "At Home and Abroad" contains a full summary of important events transpiring in the religious

world. There is also a comprehensive and most interesting miscellany. The number contains 123 quarto pages, and the illustrations number nearly 100. The subscription price is only \$3 a year; six months \$1.50; four months \$1. Single copies 25 cents, postpaid. Address: Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55, & 57 Park Place, New York.

Proposals for Court-house and Jail.

NOTICE is hereby given that sealed proposals for building a court-house and jail in accordance with the plans, specifications, and details now on file in the office of the County Clerk of Burleigh County, at Bismarck, D. T., will be received until January 1, 1880, at 8 p. m. Bids will be opened and passed upon by the Board at their regular meeting, the first Monday in January, 1880. Each bid must be accompanied by a bond in the sum of \$5,000, conditional that the bidder will enter into a contract, with approved security, in accordance with the plans, specifications and details, in case his bid is accepted. Not more than one-half the payment for the construction of said building can be made until the contract shall be executed and the building completed to the satisfaction and acceptance of the Board.

The building must be completed by September 1, 1880.

The building will be of brick.

The Board of County Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners.

J. H. RICHARDS, Clerk.

Bismarck, D. T., Aug. 21, 1879. 13-3 mo.

Northern Pacific Flour

Try It. For sale by

1-12 McLEAN & MACNIDER.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN.

BENTON LINE.

Gen'l Office, 193 S. Water-st. Chicago.

T. C. POWER, Gen. Manager.

JOS. MCGARTY, Capt.

J. C. BARR, General Agent.

BENTON HELENA AND BUTTE.

One of this Line of Steamers leaves BISMARCK for FORT BENTON on the 9th and 24th of each month.

Passengers from the East buying tickets over the Benton Line can save time by making sure connections on above dates.

For freight or passage apply on board or to

J. C. BARR.

Gen'l Agent, Sheridan House.

1879. OLD RELIABLE 1879.

Coulson Line

S. B. COULSON. D. W. MARATTA.

Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Supt.

Plying between Bismarck and Fort Benton, and all points on the Yellowstone. The only line carrying the U. S. Government

Freights.

Comprising the following first class steamers, built expressly for the Missouri river and in charge of careful and experienced officers.

MONTANA, Buessen, Master.

ROSE BUD, Todd, "

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KEY WEST, Maratta, "

JOSEPHINE, Anderson, "

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WESTERN, Bryan, "

BLACK HILLS, Burleigh, "

Connecting at Bismarck with trains for St. Paul and the East, and with the Northwestern Stage Company's coaches for all points in the Black Hills.

For information, rates, etc., apply at the company's office or on board steamer.

D. W. MARATTA.

General Superintendent.

TO STEAMBOATMEN.

We are prepared to furnish you

FRESH BEEF

AT

FORT BUFORD, D. T.,

In any quantity required. Boats leaving Bismarck can telegraph us at our expense the quantity they will want and we will have it at the landing without causing the boats any delay.

LEIGHTON & JORDAN.

1879. ATTRACTIVE 1879.

Excursion Route

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THE

Lake Michigan & Lake Superior Transportation Co.

Composed of the Elegant Passenger Steamers

"Peerless," "City of Duluth,"

"City of Fremont" and "Jas. L. Hurd."

Will run during the season of navigation, 1879.

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Touching at the intermediate ports of Port Washington, Sheboygan, Manitowish, Mackinaw, Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, L'Anse-au-Loup, Hancock, Eagle River, Eagle Harbor, Copper Harbor, Ontonagon, Ashland, Bayfield and Prince Arthur's Landing, connecting at Duluth with the St. Paul & Duluth and the Northern Pacific railroads in all points in Minnesota, Manitoba and Black Hills, and at Ashland with the Wisconsin Central railroad for Chicago, Milwaukee and all points East and Southeast.

The steamers of this line are fitted, found and equipped with special reference to the comfort and safety of passengers, and will during the summer season give a series of

GRAND EXCURSION TRIPS.

Quick Dispatch and Low Rates on Freight.

These steamers will make semi-weekly trips, leaving the company's dock, 74 Market street, Chicago, at 8 o'clock p. m., and from Milwaukee on the following mornings.

Quick dispatch and low rates of Freight given to principal points in Minnesota, Montana and Manitoba.

For passage, freight or information apply to the following agents:

Leopold & Anstett, Milwaukee, Wis.; Julius Anstett, St. Paul, Minn.; D. A. Clark, Duluth, Minn.; F. B. Spear, Marquette, Mich.; J. Hoar, Jr., Houghton, Mich.; John Trelease, general agent, Hancock, Mich., or at the office of the company, 74 Market street, Chicago, Ill.

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C. F. A. SREXEN, Sec'y and Treas.

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AGENTS FOR

The sale of city lots, cultivated farms and wild lands North Pacific Preferred Stock, Sioux Scrip, Soldiers Additional Homesteads, etc., located or supplied; personal examinations of lands made. Will file Soldiers' Declaratories, pay taxes, furnish abstracts, place loans, etc. The best of Michigan, Minnesota and Dakota references given upon application.

NOTICE THE FOLLOWING:

FOR SALE.—An improved farm of 160 acres with 60 acres broken; good house and stable; one mile from the Sheridan House. Price \$1,750.

FOR SALE.—An improved farm of 120 acres, with eleven acres fenced; log house and stables; about two miles from Bismarck. Price \$1,200.

FOR SALE.—An improved farm of 180 acres, about two miles from Bismarck; twenty acres broken; log buildings. Price, \$1,600.

FOR SALE.—Sections 27 and 35, township 138, range 79; about six miles from Bismarck; both unploughed, but beautiful land. Price, \$5 per acre.

FOR SALE.—320 acres of excellent land, 1 1/2 miles from Bismarck. Terms, half cash and balance at interest on time to be agreed upon. Price, \$10 per acre.

FOR SALE.—Six acres close the city limits, with valuable quarry of Sandstone on it. Price, \$25 per acre.

FOR SALE.—A good new house of four rooms and woodshed, with twelve lots and the whole enclosed with a good fence; two cellars; stable for fourteen head of stock; barn with hayrack, and a good well of water. The property insured for three years. Price \$1,500; \$1,000 cash, balance on one year's time.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A new 1 1/2 story frame house with excellent cellar, good well of water. Stable for 12 head of stock, and two lots fenced in with good fence. Three blocks from depot. Price \$1,200 if sold soon; if not sold it will be rented at \$30 per month.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A comfortable new house and one lot in the central part of the city. Price, \$400.

FOR SALE.—Lots 17 and 18 in block 75, city proper. Will be sold cheap if taken soon.

SOLDIERS' additional homestead scrip on hand at \$3.25 per acre. This scrip has all been approved by the Land Commissioner at Washington, and is the best kind of land scrip in the market, as title can be had at once with improvement.

ARTHUR W. DRIGGS,

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE

PAINTING,

West Main Street.

Particular Attention paid to

FINE CARRIAGE PAINTING.

Rates Low.

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OF NEW YORK.

THE ST. PAUL

Fire and Marine Insurance Co.,

REPRESENTED BY

GEO. H. FAIRCHILD.

Bismarck, D. T., March 14 1879

CHEER.

You can make

money by selling

our Sterling Chemical Wicks—New

needs trimming—No smoke or smell

—10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents. Send

stamp for catalogue of Wonderful Inventions, staple and fancy goods. Parsons, Foster & Co.,

125 Clark St., Chicago.

JOHN DAHL,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Third Street, next door back of Merchants Hotel.

BISMARCK, D. T.

Have just received a new stock of

English and French Cassimeres

and Worsteds

which will be made up in the latest and noblest

styles at good fit guaranteed. Give me a call and see for yourself. Clothing cleaned and repaired on short notice.

1879

1879

GREAT ATTRACTION

AT

DAN EISENBERG'S

NEW STORE,

Who is Daily Receiving New Goods purchased at the very lowest Cash Prices, Consisting of

Dry Goods, Ladie's and Gent's

FURNISHING GOODS,

Notions, Toilet Articles, Etc., Etc.

Prompt Attention given to all Orders from up or Down River.

Geo. OBERNE, Established H. M. HOSICK,

Chicago. 1868. Des Moines, Ia.

CHICAGO HIDE HOUSE.

CASH PAID FOR

Hides, Furs, Wool & Tallow.

Oberne, Hosick & Co.,

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Branch Houses:

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Lincoln, Neb., 12 South 10th St.

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Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St.

Pueblo, Colorado.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

DRY GOODS

AND

NOTION JOBBERS,

Also Manufacturers of Miners' and

Freighters' Goods,

Tents,

Wagon-covers,

Tarpaulins

Awnings.

We have the best Water Proof preparation in the

world. Send for price list.

MONTANA MARKET,

Corner Second and Main Streets,

JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,

DEALERS IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH,

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Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and

Canned Goods.

Special Attention given to the Steam-

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THE LARGEST

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

In The Northwest.

Importers and Jobbers of Fine

WOOLENS AND TRIMMINGS,

9-11 92 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

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Proprietor

TONSorial PARLORS,

Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing

A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths.

MONTANA BEEF.

The choicest cuts of Montana Beef at the

CITY MEAT MARKET

On 4th street, Bismarck, Dak.

The Block is Supplied with the Best

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ST. JOSEPH, MINN.

OLDEST, BEST AND CHEAPEST

IN MINNESOTA.

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Premium Export Lager Beer.

SHERIDAN HOUSE

LIVERY STABLE,

First Class in every Respect.

New and Elegant Turn-Outs.

Hacks to all parts of the City, Boats,

Fort Lincoln and Mandan.

Office Rear of Sheridan House.

STUYELL & LAIE,

Proprietors.</

IF WE COULD KNOW.

If we could know what lies before our feet.
If we could see the shadows hovering near,
We would not dare to take another step;
Our life would be an agony of fear.

If we could know what one small word would do
To brighten up this little world of ours,
To cheer and comfort worn and weary hearts
How carefully we'd scatter these sweet flowers.

If we could know how soon our home would be
Beset of all that makes it bright and dear,
How would the shadow of the coming loss
Overwhelm us with its constant dread and fear.

Not knowing, we go onward, day by day,
And if this day be full of grief and pain,
We think to-morrow will be brighter far,
And for each loss there will be some sure gain.

Oh! it is well for us our Father keeps,
Securely hidden from our mortal eyes,
The rough and rugged pathway we must tread,
Before we reach our home beyond the skies.

Oh, it is well, for stumbling blindly on,
We reach like little children for his hand;
And, clasping it, take courage, knowing well
He'll bring us safely to the better land.

A Husband's Explanation.

If it is a fact that has been noticed and commented upon time out of mind, that many husbands neglect those little attentions and marks of affection of which they are so lavish during their courtship. There is a reason for custom which, though reprehensible in the abstract, has the sanction of all but universal practice, and it becomes the duty of the philosopher to see into and expound it. Perhaps it is best illustrated by an anecdote which was told Causeur by a friend, whose wife, by the way, manifested her deep displeasure in very decided terms while he was relating it. It seems that on Columbia avenue there dwelt a wedded pair who were made one last fall. No knight of old was more devoted to his "fair lady" than was the husband during the honeymoon and the moon that followed it. But ere the third moon had waned, the wife noted—or thought she noted, no doubt it was fancy—a change. As time passed on, it became still more apparent. Her husband was loving, of course, but somehow there was a lack of the old ardor, there was a falling in the old demonstrativeness. This troubled her, and a woman—she was quick to conclude that his love for her had cooled. One evening, after thinking the matter over all day, she broke out with, "You don't love me any more." "What makes you think so?" he asked in a business-like way, scarcely lifting his eyes from the book which he was reading. "Because," she sobbed, "you never pet me any more, and you are not half so attentive as you used to be." And then she broke down into a regular cry. The husband saw that something must be done. Laying aside his book, and regretfully relinquishing his cigar—a man does hate to be disturbed when once settled for the evening—he went to his weeping wife and led her to the window. "My dear," he said, "do you see that horse-car coming up the avenue?" "I do," she sobbed. "And do you see that man running to catch it?" "Yes, dear, what of it?" And do you see he is straining every nerve, that he is shouting to the conductor at the top of his voice, and doing his best to make the car stop?" "I do," said his wife, whose composure was aroused, "but what on earth has that to do with—" "One moment, my dear. Look again. Do you observe that he has caught the car, and that he is no longer running, but is probably quietly seated inside taking a rest. He has got through shouting and running because he has caught the car. Now, my dear,—at this point he kissed away her tears—"it is just so with me. I have caught the car. And with that the self-satisfied monster led his wife back to her seat on the sofa, and silently resumed his easy chair and book.

He Didn't Want to Talk.

He was a nice young man, with a fine little cane, polished boots and a stand-up collar, and he wore a button-hole bouquet, composed of a rose and two or three violets. Button-hole bouquets are all right. They don't cost anything to speak of, and the wearer is generally certain to be taken for the son of a millionaire, or the head clerk in a wholesale tea store. The nice young man sat down beside a motherly old lady in a street-car. She had a market basket on her lap, a nickle between her fingers, and did not even scowl when a boy stepped on her corns. She gave the young man a motherly smile as he sat down, and pretty soon she asked: "Them can't be artificial flowers, can they?" He did not reply. He had lots of dignity. "Can—them—be—artificial—flowers?" she inquired, raising her voice much higher. He gave a little start of surprise, mumbled over something and partly turned away. "My biggest girl had deafness come on her once," she continued, sending her voice a peg higher, "but we cured her by rubbing goose oil into her ears. Is it a case of long standing?" "I'm neither deaf nor inclined to hold conversation," he muttered, flushing very red. "Oh! that's it. Then you don't need any goose oil. Did you say them flowers was artificial ones?" "No," he growled. "Natural, eh?" she queried. "Well, I thought they smelled like natural ones, but there's such a crowd and so much noise that I can't trust my nose. You didn't grow 'em, did you?" He did not reply.

"Did you grow them flowers?" she emphatically demanded. "Now." "I didn't know whether you did or not. I was going to say that a little weak vinegar would take the dust off and make 'em look like new. Do you wear flowers as a general thing, or are you going to see somebody?" He turned his head away and tapped the toe of his boot with his cane. "Boy," she remarked, pushing her basket against his knee, "I asked you a civil question and I want you to answer me. This isn't a country like Japan, where some folks are stuck up above other folks, but we're all alike. I'm afraid you have not been brought up right." "I go not wish any conversation with you," he whispered. "Why don't you?" she demanded. "Because." "Because what, sir? Dare you say a word against my character?" "I'd like to hear you, I would. I want you to understand that I could buy a whole ton of them flowery gowgaws and then have lots of money left. When I ask you a civil question it is your business to speak right up in answer. Now I'll ask you just once more. Have you been brought up right?" He slid for the rear platform, and in grasping for his flying coat tails, upset her basket, and two quarts of cherries rolled over the floor of the car. "I don't care one cent—let 'em go." She remarked as she tried to scrape the tile under the seat with her foot. When any one stinks up their nose at me, two quarts of cherries ain't nothing to my feelings."

Rebuking a King.

A Count Redern, the Lord High Chamberlain of the Emperor of Germany, has been created prince. He is a distinguished musician, who has written more than one opera and composed a great deal of highly meritorious chamber music. The new prince is now seventy-seven years old and has no son to succeed to his honors. He is one of the wealthiest noblemen in North Germany, possessing an enormous landed estate. Much of this wealth came to him with his wife, the daughter and heiress of the great Hamburg millionaire, Senator Jepsich, a lady of extraordinary intelligence and spirit who died four years ago. At the time of the marriage etiquette and caste prejudices exercised despotic control at the Prussian court, and, despite Countess Redern's enormous wealth, remarkable beauty and eminent intellectual endowments. She was not considered well-born enough to grace that circle of blue blooded Junkers. She was, however, presented soon after her marriage, and Frederick William IV., who never could forego an opportunity of saying what he considered to be a "good thing," no matter what embarrassment or pain it might inflict upon the person he addressed, after acknowledging the youthful bride's profound obeisance, exclaimed, in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by all the distinguished personages present, "Ah! Countess Redern—by the way, tell me: what was it your father dealt in?" The countess drew herself up to her full height from the reverential attitude in which she had been standing before the throne and replied, "My father, your majesty, dealt in integrity and intelligence!" The king took his fair subject's rebuke like a gentleman, without manifesting the least resentment, and subsequently paid marked attention to the high spirited lady who had ventured to reprove him before his whole court for a singularly ill-advised utterance. He often told the story against himself in after years, and—as went to observe, with an evident relish of Madame de Redern's prompt and dignified repartee, that "he had never before or since been so well answered as by the daughter of the Hamburg tradesman."

About Storms.

Benjamin Franklin first made the observation, a hundred years ago, that all so-called northeast storms came from the west. This observation of our greatest philosopher has been since so absolutely verified as to constitute a law. All great storms in this country move from the west in a general easterly direction—usually a little to the north of the east. Nearly all of them originated in that section of the country marked on the maps as the Western plains—the high table lands between the meridian of ninety-five degrees on the east and the Rocky mountains on the west, comprising the area occupied by Montana, Dakota, Nebraska, Western Kansas, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Western Texas, and Northern Mexico. The origin of a storm in this region may be stated as follows. The air over a large sandy area, becoming ruffled by the intense heat of the sun's rays and rapid radiation from the sandy surface, begins to ascend; the moisture-laden air of the Missouri and Mississippi valleys and the Gulf of Mexico on the one hand and the cold current from the Rocky mountains on the other rushes, is to take the place of that which is ascending. We have thus produced an easterly wind on the front or eastern side of the area of ascending air, and a westerly wind behind, or on the western side of it; to the south, north, and intermediate points the wind will blow toward the center from those points around this area toward the center. Now, if the earth were flat and at rest, and the air over this sandy area equally heated, the wind would blow in a straight line from the circumference toward the center; ascend and spread out at the top there would be no motion forward or backward of the whole body of air, and this condition of things might exist forever. But, owing to the configuration and motion of the earth, and the laws of heat and its influence in evaporation and condensation, a change is soon impressed on this initial upward and centric motion

of the air, and the collection of phenomena which we term a storm results.

ADAM'S PROPHECY OF WOMAN.

Henceforward, woman, rise To thy peculiar and best altitudes Of doing good and of enduring ill, Of comforting for ill, and teaching good, And recommending all that ill and good Unto the patience of a constant hope. Rise with thy daughters? If sin came by thee, And by sin death, the ransom-righteousness, The heavenly life and compensative rest Shall come by means of thee. If woe by thee, Had issued to the world, thou shalt go forth An angel of the woe thou didst achieve; Found acceptable to the world instead Of others of that name, of whose bright steps Thy deeds, stripped bare, the hells. Be satisfied, Something thou has to bear through womanhood. Peculiar suffering answering to the sin; Some pang paid down for some new human life; Some weariness in guarding such a life—Some coldness from the guarded; some mistrust From those thou hast too well served; from those beloved Too loyally, some treason; feebleness Within thy heart, and cruelty without; And pressures of an alien tyranny. With its dynastic reasons of large bones And stronger sinews. But go to; thou love Shall chant itself its own beatitudes, After its own life-working—a child's kiss Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad; A poor man served by thee, shall make thee strong; Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense Of service which thou renderest.

—Drama of Exile

A Stranger's Nose.

Some of those chaps who wear their elbows down thin leaning on saloon counters, have an artificial fly with a fine thread attached to the back, and sometimes these toys can be handled to the amusement of a small crowd. When an unknown man yesterday fell asleep in a Michigan Avenue saloon, the young man with an artificial fly was there. He took position behind his victim, who was lying back in his chair, and presently the fly alighted on the stranger's nose, walked up the bridge and down, and settled for a moment on the tip end. The sleeper never moved a finger. The fly went over the old route, dove into the corner of the left eye, galloped over to the right, and came down to the grand stand on the dead run, but the sleeper slept on. It began to appear that he was used to flies, and so the game was changed. By sticking a pin through one of these toys, you can make quite a bee of it, the pin being the stinger.

When the bee descended on the stranger's nose, everyone expected to see a sudden start, but it did not come. After a jab at the tip end, the bee crawled along up, waiting for developments and getting in an occasional sting, but not even a sigh escaped the sleeper. The young man with the insect was getting tired, when the stranger lazily opened his eyes slowly rose up from his chair, and coolly remarked:

"Now, then, if you've got through fooling with my nose, I'll fool with yours for a while!"

It isn't likely that particular young man will ever dangle artificial flies any more. He was doubled up, straightened out, choked, mopped and slammed so thoroughly that his appetite will run to chicken-broth and amica for some days to come. When the cyclone had passed, the stranger called for gin, drank it, and said to the white-faced crowd on the bench:

"Gentlemen, if any more of you see anything peculiar about my nose, please call around and let me know!"

Memory's Queer Freaks.

There is one remarkable effect of our peculiar climate that has probably struck everybody and yet we have never seen it referred to in print. It is the absence of any noticeable change in the seasons. The monotonous continuity of even sunshine insensibly merges days into weeks and months into years without the usual suggestion of lapse of time occurring elsewhere. One shakes hands with a friend on the street corner to-day, and next year meets him fresh from a trip round the world, and is rather surprised to find him in another suit of clothes, the pattern of the old being as fresh in our mind's eye as if we had seen it yesterday. The other day a front street merchant and wife were seated in a street car, when another gentleman stepped in. The moment he saw the first mentioned party, the latter said, eagerly:

"Because it comes to the surface to blow. That's the answer, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the other, "but I didn't think you'd guess it."

"Why, what did the gentleman mean?" asked the merchant's mystified wife, after they had left the car.

"Well, you see, down at the club the other day I asked if I am a conundrum; first rate thing, too—why is a whale like a water lily?—and none of them could guess it."

"Club? Why you haven't belonged to a club in five years—not since we were married."

"Haven't I? That's a fact. Now let me see when it was I asked Brown that conundrum," and by a careful comparison of dates it was ascertained that Brown had kept the answer fresh in his mind for six years and five months. This story is literally true, and will be sent carefully stuffed to any museum in the country on receipt of the postage.—*San Francisco Post.*

A contemporary employs 250 words in describing how to make an oil barrel. The old method of tacking a bung hole and putting staves and hoops around it is much more simple.

Hamburg edging of a rich pattern, with all the ground or muslin cut away, is used for tipping the tabliers of pongee dresses and dresses of other monochrome material.

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BANKS.

MERCHANTS BANK OF BISMARCK.
WALTER MANN, Pres. W. R. MERRIAM, Vice Pres.
Geo. H. FAIRBANKS, Cashier.
Correspondents—American Exchange National Bank, New York; Merchants National Bank, St. Paul.

BANK OF BISMARCK.

J. W. RAYMOND, Pres. W. B. BELL, Cash.
A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections promptly attended to.

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DAVID STEWART—Attorney at Law 761

JOHN A. STOEYELL, Attorney at Law.
Fourth Street.

JOHN E. CARLAND, Attorney at Law, and County Attorney.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
And U. S. Examining Surgeon.

Office at Dunn's Drug Store.
Residence at Custer Hotel.

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Office next to the Tribune Building.

Wm. A. BENTLEY,

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Calls left on the slate in the office promptly attended to.

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UNDER THE ROSE.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

With heart and voice I called you, and the night
Gave back your answer, "Coming! coming!"
And lo! our one own world, again alight
And two little where our climbing roses
met!

And yet—and yet—is it a woman's way
To borrow from the distance shade and sigh
Something has—'t is the dreaming of the day
When she will call and one will not reply.

Nay, hush!—not The day nor sooner dawn,
Nor sadder stay, for any word of ours,
The wild storm hanging over happy lawns
Heeds not the feeble fretting of the flowers.

And O, dear love, if in that lonely day
It shall be I that lie so still and white,
Seeming to hear no word of all you say;
Lean down and kiss me, as you did to-night.

And I—than where I shall have found
The light of Love's eternal land—
I will turn back with eager cry and bound
To wait beside you till you find my hand

Fears, love? Listen! How the roses shake
Their clasp of velvet over wet with dew,
The winds are, and all the birds awake,
So I may dream I will sing for you:

I may be sweet, we know not
Sweet and fair the land
Where two lovers go not,
Smiling, hand in hand,
Or, it still they go
Who have, cross'd the tide
How are we to know
Who below abide?

And below the birds are
Singing far and near;
And below the words are
That we deem so dear—
Loving words and tender—
Loving words and true—
Oh! I will defend her
Love! Love! love you!

I think I will stay here,
Where the roses are,
Keeping up the play dear,
We are young and fair,
If there's call, we'll heed not,
Becks we will not see,
And the angels need not
Either you or me.

Kiss me dear! The roses
Back to slumber fall,
And the darkness throes us
Mantle over all.
Let the land we know not
Still a mystery be,
I will stay—and go not,
And you will stay with me.

COMPANY TO SUPPER.

There was not a living being in the
house, but Delia, Lottie and me, except-
ing the cat, who was snoozing away be-
hind the kitchen stove.

The rest had gone to Falltown to some
kind of a meeting. There was always
something going on somewhere for the
grown folks, and I suppose there was
never a child in the world who hated to
be left alone worse than I did. So this
time they let me have Delia and Lottie
come to stay with me.

We were up stairs braiding palm-leaf
hats—girls were brought up to work in
that town—when suddenly the front door
bell rang.

Now, the front door bell was not rung
more than once in three months, and it
was so rough and rusty it would only
tinkle. Almost everybody came through
the side yard to the double-leaved doors
that always stood open into the little
square south entry with the sun shining
in.

So, if the bell rang, it couldn't be one
of the neighbors. It must be a good deal
of a stranger, and I was as afraid of stran-
gers as I was of dogs.

"Let's pretend we didn't hear it," said
Delia.

"Seems as if I heard something, but
may be it was the cat knocking down a
milk pan," said I.

But it was of no use. There came an-
other tinkle, as though a sheep with a
bell around his neck had bitten off a
mouthful of tough grass.

"I thought I heard a wagon stop a
long time ago," said Lottie. "Yes, there
one tied out there," she added, skim-
ming to the upper hall window.

"You will have to go, Totty."

"No, you needn't. Pretend we were
braiding so fast we couldn't hear a
thing," said Delia, who would go out of
her way to tell a story any time.

"Oh, I'll have to go! I don't dare to
not," said I, casting aside my braiding
in despair.

Then I pattered down the little ma-
hogany-stained flight of stairs, the bell
ringing for the third time, and tugged
away at the great door key.

And it did hate to turn in the rusted
lock! And then it turned at last with a
complaining shriek, how the brass door
knob refused to move! Then a strong
hand from outside took hold, the bolts
gave way, the door flew open in a twink-
ling, and there stood two men. One was
a very tall man, and one was a middling-
sized man, and they had whiskers and
hats and linen coats.

"Good afternoon," said they, making
bows. "Is nobody at home but you?"

"No, ma'am—no, sir; the folks are all
gone to Falltown," said I, hoping with
all my might they would keep right on
to Falltown, too. But then my sense of
hospitality set in, and I added:
"They'll be coming home soon. Will
you walk in?"

"Thank you," said the middle-sized
man. "May we put our horses in the
barn first?"

"Yes, ma'am—yes, sir," said I, glad to
be rid of them for so long. Then I ran
upstairs to the girls.

"They are going to stay; they are pat-
ting up their horses. I guess they've
come to see Amy. She has a great many
gentleman friends," said I, proudly,
minded to pick up what crumbs of com-
fort I could.

"Then I shall go straight home," said
Delia, tying up her straws. "And, Lot-

tie, you've got to go with me, because
you are my company."

"Oh, don't go!" I cried, in an agony of
bashful terror at the thought of being
left to face the strangers alone.

"Will you give me your beads if I
stay?" demanded Delia.

My beads were six in number, made of
white glass, with square sides. They
were strung on a red thread, and, when
they were not a finger ring, I kept them
in an inglass box along with the only
tooth I had yet shed, a Sabbath school
card marked "five mills," a piece of blue
clay, the head of a doll and a horse-
chestnut. I went to my heart to lose
these beads, but anything was better
than losing the girls, so I was just going
to say that Delia could have them, when
Lottie spoke up.

"Aren't you ashamed, Delia, to try to
get away Totty's beads?" said she. "I'll
stay with you Totty, till the folks come,
anyway."

I looked at her gratefully.

"Do you want a bite of my liquorice?"
said I, plunging to the bottom of my pocket
and bringing up a small piece wrapped
in a bit of newspaper.

"I don't care," said she, holding out
her hand, "where shall I bite to?"

"Bite to there," said I, marking off a
space with my finger nail. And Delia
may have a taste, too, I continued, will-
ing to heap a few coals of fire on her head.
But Delia was not very sensitive, and, ac-
cordingly, she helped herself to a gener-
ous mouthful, and didn't seem to feel
scorched a bit.

"Let's go down stairs and be there
when they come in from untacking,"
said she, just as though she hadn't
thought of going home.

"Well," said I, laughing up my hat
and straws.

So, when the tall man and the mid-
dling-sized man came in, there we sat on
a high red, wooden bench with our feet
dangling, and each with a half-braided
hat in her hands. The gentlemen paused
a moment, as though a little surprised at
such an appearance, and as though they
expected some sort of introduction or
salutation. A faint impression floated
over my mind at the same time that some-
thing of the kind would be proper. But
what could I do? Was I to say, "This is
Lottie, and this is Delia," or Miss Pitt
and Miss Lutton? And if I knew what
to call the girls I was not sure about the
gentlemen's names. One I knew to be a
Mr. Bowers, an old school friend of my
sister, and the other might be—I was not
certain—a Mr. Lunden, whom I had seen
once.

So, as I did not know exactly what to
do, I did nothing, which was perhaps the
best way, but sat and braided and felt
ashamed; and the young man looked over
the books on the braize-covered side ta-
ble and tried to talk with us. Finally
they took pity on us as well as on them-
selves, and went out for a walk up Deer
Hill, and then Delia made up her mind
she would go home any way.

"Come, Lottie," said she with author-
ity; "you are my company."

"Oh! Lottie said she would stay till
the folks come," I cried. "Delia, you
shall have my bead and all my piece of
liquorice if you'll let her stay."

"Of course I'm not going to go and
leave you alone, Totty. I said I wouldn't.
Delia can go if she wants to," said Lottie,
heartily. I feel grateful to her for it now.

Delia went off "mad." But as for that,
she usually went away in that condition.

After that, Lottie and I sat in the
double door-way, watching the shadows
of the elm-tree creep over the yard, and
the swallows flashing up and
down, together and the clouds
changing to crimson and gold
as the sun sank lower and lower to-
ward the purple hills—watching and listening.

"There they are!" I cried joyfully at
last, at the sound of carriage wheels on
the long hill.

It came slow and faint for awhile, then
quickened into a fast rattle at the bottom
of the hill. Then we heard the rumbling
of wheels and sharp strike of heels on the
little wooden bridge. Then the sound
died away.

"Coming up the short hill. They'll
be here in just two minutes," said I.

And sure enough in a minute we heard
the wheels nearer and sharper, and in an-
other minute Uncle Lacy's pudding-and-
milk horse and round-topped chaise trot-
ted by.

"Oh! Pa will come next," said I.

But no! Next came a pair of ink-black
horses, driven rapidly by an elegantly
dressed gentleman.

"That is Squire Palmer. He lives in
Squakeag, and he always wears gloves,"
said I. "Pa'll be the next one. Hark!
I hear him now."

But I was mistaken, for then came
Deacon Davis, and his wife, riding be-
hind a bony horse, in a high green
wagon, and looking like two bags of
meal.

Then some travelers drove along. A
man and a woman, with two little chil-
dren sitting on stools in front, and two
more behind on two more stools. They
looked like pins in a pin-cushion, they
were stuck in so thick.

After that was Captain Ingraham,
chucking the reins and saying "Cadep!"
to his old sorrel horse. He was going
the other way, though.

At last, when it seemed as though ev-
erybody in town had gone by, we heard
another welcome rattle and clatter.

"That is our folks! It must be! There
is nobody left," I said, with a great sense
of relief. But it wasn't; and it wasn't
anybody. Or if it was, he stopped at
one of the three houses between us and
the top of the hill.

The young men had come in long be-
fore. I heard them trying to amuse them-
selves by declamations and discussions;
and now the stars had begun to flicker
out one by one, and the bats to fly
through the soft summer twilight. So I
lighted one of the best brass candlestick,
and carried it into the sitting room.

"I guess they'll be in before long." I
said, in bashful apology.

"I should think they had been long
now," retorted the tall man.

I smiled a grim little smile, and went
out feeling as if I had committed one of
the seven deadly sins against the gram-
mar and dictionary.

"Two wagons more have gone down
the hill and not gone by. 'They are ghost
wagons,' called Lottie from the door-step.

"O, Lottie! You don't think anything
has happened, do you?" I cried.

"No, there couldn't," she said confi-
dently. "And if there had, somebody
would come and tell us. It was about as
dark as this though, that time Deacon
Davis's horse got scared at Captain In-
graham's bars, and turned around so
sharp he broke the thill right smack off,"
she continued.

"I know it," I answered, looking wist-
fully at the lights twinkling out here and
there in the houses where there was a
mother at home.

"You remember how Deacon Davis got
tipped over that other time, coming down
Mr. Potter's hill, don't you?" continued
Lottie. "Uncle Lacy was going by him,
—pa says it is dreadful careless to go by
going down a hill,—and so Deacon Davis
turned out and the rein got caught, and
when he tried to turn the old horse back,
he didn't go back, but kept turning out
till the wagon tipped over and broke Mrs.
Deacon Davis's arm. Aunt Patty went
over and got supper, and washed up the
dishes, and she said the knives were just
as black as anybody's, for all Mrs. Davis
is such an awfully particular woman."

"Lottie," said I, dismally, "do you sup-
pose my mother's arm is broken and our
wagon is tipped over?"

"Why, no! Your horse isn't so skit-
tery, is he? Perhaps your folks have
gone somewhere to stay all night."

"Then I'd ought to get supper for the
company," said I, feeling as though the
weight of the whole universe was press-
ing down upon me.

"Well, I'll help you," said Lottie
cheerfully.

On yes! I could be cheerful if it was
her house and her company, and I was
helping her. Though I always did de-
spise setting tables. It is just the same
thing right over and over, and you know
all the time that it isn't going to stay.
But it had to be done. So I spread the
cloth.

It wasn't clean—the table-cloth wasn't;
but I thought I could cover the marks of
Sebastian's gravy and the molasses I drop-
ped on it at breakfast, with the plates.
There was some cold tea in the tea-pot,
and, while Lottie put it on the stove to
heat, I rummaged in the safe for the sup-
per.

"I almost know ma would have honey
if she was here," said I, coming out with
a bowl of cider-apple-sauce, "and white
bread, like enough."

"Yes, my mother always does for com-
pany. They will expect it, I guess. But
you don't know where your mother keeps
it do you?" said Lottie.

"No, not exactly, perhaps I could find
it; but she said the supper was all in the
safe," said I, conscientiously, bringing
out a plate of rye bread and half a cur-
rant pie. "I guess it's ready now, and I
suppose I've got to call them, but I'd pre-
tty near rather go up to Deer Hill all
alone in the dark," I continued, after
running up and down, and in and out, a
dozen times.

So I went to the sitting-room door and
said, faintly, "supper's ready." Then it
occurred to me that, probably, Amy
would have said, "Will you have a walk
out to tea?" and I wished I could drop
through the floor into the potato-cellar.

But they walked out just as readily as
though I had asked them to. And then
what was I to do? I had hardly ever
eaten a meal in my life until somebody
had asked a blessing; and, in my uncer-
tainty as to what it would be proper to
say, I just looked wishfully at Mr. Bow-
ers, who was studying to be a minister,
and he went on with it just as though I
had spoken.

So it was all right so far, and I began
to pour the tea. But where were the tea-
spoons? And when I had slipped from
my chair and had brought them, behold,
the sugar bowl had been forgotten!

The company didn't seem to care,
though, and appeared to relish the rye
bread and half a currant pie, too. I sup-
pose they were pretty hungry, for it
seemed they hadn't any dinner. So they
ate and ate; and before they had finished
eating, there was a sound of wheels and
hoofs, and my father said "Whoa!" right
at the very door, without having heard
them coming at all.

They came in—my sisters and mother
and father—all in a burst out of the dark-
ness, filling the house with hospitality
and cheer. They had been to Deacon
Wright's to tea. They said they told me
they should go there, but I don't believe
to this day that they ever said a word
about it.

My sisters were, of course, very much
mortified at everything I had done and
at everything I hadn't done; they always
were.

"Totty, why didn't you ask them into
the parlor instead of the sitting-room?"
they said; "and why didn't you do this?"
"And why did you do that?" I even felt,
at last, that somehow I was to blame for
their staying to Deacon Wright's to tea.
Why, bless them, I didn't want them to
stay.

But the worst of it was Delia's stories.
The girls all knew she would tell them,
and so did her mother. People will,
though, get a little stain of prejudice
from a story-teller, especially as such
folks are apt to catch at a person's weak
side, and start by taking a few grains of
truth.

"Totty didn't know a thing what to
do," said she. "I and Lottie did it all.
Totty teased me and teased me to stay,
so I did, and I had to get the supper;
make the biscuits and all. I had to visi-
t with the company, too,—I and Lottie!

We sang for them pieces they picked out
for us in the music-book,—hard pieces.
Two songs duets, when there were duets for
two, and when there was a duet for one I
sang that alone."

Lottie said she shouldn't care. No-
body would believe a word Delia said.
But Delia's mother did, I know; for she
told Aunt Patty afterward that Totty was
a good girl enough at her books, but she
didn't know how to take hold of work,
and she would never set the river on fire.
Aunt Patty told me of it one day when
she thought I needed putting down.

And perhaps Delia's mother was right;
for, sure enough, I never have set any
river on fire.—July 1st. N. cholas.

THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Up and away like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home in the
sun,
So let me steal away, gently, and lovingly.
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb all for-
gotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as evening comes
on;
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed—
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in fresh-
ness
When the flowers that it came from are
closed up and gone,
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers
Only remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bear-
ing
(As its summers and autumns move silently
on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its
season;
I shall still be remembered by what I have
done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written rec-
ords,
The name, and the epitaph, and the stone?
The thing we have lived for—let them be our
story—
We ourselves but remembered by what we
have done.

I need not be missed if another succeed me
To reap down the fields which in spring I
have sown,
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed
by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has
done.

Not myself but the truth that in life I have
spoken,
Not myself but the seed that in life I have
sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten
Save the truth I have spoken, the things
I have done.

So let my living be—so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown
Unpraised and unmixed, I shall still be re-
membered;
Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

little trouble we can know all that is of
any practical value in regard to the merits
of dairy cows and the different feed
given them.—*Marne Farmer.*

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and Sunday morning at 8 a. m. arriving at
Standing Rock in fifteen hours!
Leave Standing Rock every Sunday, Wed-
nesday and Friday at 4 a. m. arriving at Bis-
marck in fifteen hours.

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Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.
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Law an Art.

The practice of law is an art. There is
no question that, like painting or sculp-
ture, there is necessary to its perfect at-
tainments a certain native genius for its
pursuit. But this does not mean, as in
those arts, imagination, taste, a delicate
sense of beauty in form and color. In
the law a much more useful, as well as
much more common quality, is the native
foundation of success. It is a sound
judgment, a clear head, a strong develop-
ment of the reasoning faculty, a capacity
to reduce all propositions to the test of
sound logic, without regard to the syllo-
gism of Aristotle or Whately, and inde-
pendence of rhetoric as a science or an
embellishment. But this natural faculty,
like all other gifts of nature, is suscepti-
ble of vast improvement in its use by
cultivation. I confine myself at present
to the latter. And by this training I
mean the exercises of the faculties in the
best mode possible of presenting your
case to the tribunal which must decide it;
I mean the restraint which use enables
you to impose on an exuberant imagina-
tion, the caution which experience teaches,
of careful statement and safe movements,
the courage which familiarity inspires in
battling for the right, and above all the
skill which is required by constant obser-
vation, practice and correction, in setting
forth your case in the strongest light and
the most inviting aspect. It is a very
common error, when a lawyer has adroit-
ly made an unwilling witness tell the
truth; or more frequently, when he has
made a telling argument to court or jury,
delivered with a captivating ease and
grace, for the ordinary listener to imagine
that it cost no labor or trouble. I have
heard men who had the sense and taste
to admire such a speech, declare in the
utmost good faith that they were them-
selves intended by nature for lawyers be-
cause they caught with such readiness
the force and beauty of the argument
and saw with clearness the proposition it
sustained. But the experienced opponent,
or the observing judge, could see without
difficulty that the apparently artless im-
portant address was the perfection of art
itself, concealing the long and laborous
study previously given to the case, and
careful systematic mode of presenting it,
determined on before the orator had
opened his mouth. All the important
propositions maturely considered, and in
critical exigency of the argument, the
very words selected in which it is to be
expressed. All this is the result of train-
ing; of constant and thoughtful criticism
on your own style, of careful preparation
for every occasion; of a review, after the
effort is over, of the manner in which it
has been made, and a considerable reso-
lution to profit in future by any failure
or defects that may be discovered.—*Justice Miller of the U. S. Supreme Court.*

Hats.

How few of us have traced the history
of the hat! The felt hat is as old as
Homer. The Greeks made them in skull
caps—conical, truncated, narrow or broad
brimmed. The Phrygian bonnet has
an elevated cap without a brim, the apex
turned over in front. It is known as the
Cap of Liberty. An ancient figure of Li-
berty, in the time of Antonius Livy,
A. D. 145, holds the cap in his right hand.
The Persians wore soft caps; plumed hats
were the head-dress of the Syrian corps
of Xerxes; the broad brim was worn by
the Macedonian Kings. Castor means a
beaver. The American captive wore a
plug hat. The merchants of the four-
teenth century wore a Flanders beaver;
Charles VII., in 1469, wore a felt hat
lined with red and plumed. The English
men and women in 1510 wore close wool-
en or knitted caps; two centuries ago hats
were worn in the house. Pepps in his
diary in 1664, wrote: "September, 1664,
got a severe cold because I took off my
hat at dinner," and again, in January,
1665, he got another cold by sitting too
long with his head bare to allow his
wife's maid to comb his hair and wash
his ears. And Lord Clarendon, in his
essay, speaking of the decay of respect
due the aged, says "that in younger days
he never kept his hat on before those
older than himself except at dinner." In
the thirteenth century Pope Innocent
IV. allowed the Cardinals the use of the
scarlet cloth hat. The hats now in use
are cloth hat, cork hat, embossed hat, felt
hat, fur hat, leather hat, paper hat and
straw hat.

The white and black striped silks have
black velvet facings edged with black
Breton lace of heavy pattern in a striped
design that pleats effectively.

LOCAL LEVIES.
Made by "Tribune" Reporters in Their Rounds About the City.
Delightful weather.
Rebillion lost a cow by lightning.
The Directory will be out shortly.
W. B. Shaw is up the Yellowstone.
Russ Marsh's new house is a fine one.
The Bachelor reached Keogh yesterday.
All the flyers will be at the Minneapolis Fair.
John W. Fisher is in Evansville, Indiana.
Capt. Ed Maguire was a passenger on the Butte.
John Whalen is thinking of the cattle business.
The transfer carried over the first locomotive Thursday.
The Butte brought two new people for the Opera House.
The rainfall Wednesday evening was two inches and a half.
The signal service boys were glad to get away on the Butte.
Lieut. Grimes made a quick trip down the river and back by rail.
"Proposals for court house and jail" in today's new advertisements.
Mason lost 22,000 bricks by the heavy rain storm Wednesday night.
The Chicago Times published THE TRIBUNE's letter on the big farms.
The "Bismarck Mills" is the name of Bennett's five story flour mill.
Malloy Bros. are building an addition to their hotel making it full fifty feet front.
It rained at Custer and Bismarck Wednesday night but not at Stevenson or Keogh.
The steamer Gen. Meade arrived Thursday evening with a cargo of private freight for Mandan.
There is no end to the letters descriptive of the wonderful wheat fields of northern Dakota.
The government will purchase one thousand bushels of potatoes at Bismarck for the Assiniboine.
Signal Sergeant Creamer has returned from a visit to Pittsburgh, Pa. He is one of the best men in the service.
The Denver is not running now. The N. P. transfer does the business. Though trucks by the busses and transfer are sold.
Alonzo Gates, formerly of Bismarck, has a contract for 1,250,000 feet of lumber at \$50 per M for a new mill at Rockford.
Oats and potatoes each bring fifty cents per bushel selling to the trade. Those who sell for less will be that much out.
Jerry Plants and Berkleman killed a dozen ducks yesterday in six double shots.
Geo. Gibbs and Ed Sloan are each building residences. The former near his shop and the latter near his present residence.
Back for Steele's farm at Fourteenth and Siding is very freely advertised by the editors. The bachelor seems to be a favorite.
There is a drove of two thousand head of Montana cattle coming across the country from the Yellowstone. There are 500 head at Knife River now.
Hon. J. W. Fletcher and Capt. M. V. Wagner, of the Michigan parties mentioned last week, purchased Peter Seims' two Red River farms for \$21,000.
Newport, on the Extension, is the author of a short hand method of calculation. When instructed to measure a bridge, he guesses at one-half of it and then doubles it.
Peter Seims has sold his two farms in the Red River valley for \$21,000. The total acreage is 1,015 acres. Seims gets this year's crop which averages thirty-five bushels to the acre.
Charlemagne Tower, Mrs. R. H. Lee's farmer, is reported worth \$13,000,000 and the possessor of \$3,000,000 of N. P. stock. He owns over eighty thousand acres of the best wheat land on the line.
The Western House is building on the lot adjoining a fine two story frame. Mr. Ludwig will occupy the first floor with his Montana store and the second story will be used for hotel purposes.
Joe Dietrich carries the Madan passengers to the river, the transfer carries them across and Kupitz takes them up to Mandan. Every hour and a half the transfer crosses. It is a neat arrangement.
Capt. Clayton, a son-in-law of Jeremiah Black, is in the Yellowstone locating party of the N. P. as topographer. He is the author of the sentiment that dried apples were a luxury in this country.
Barclay J. Smith, of Newtown, Pa., was abandoned upon his examination. He was the man who was kidnapped out of Helena, Montana, and taken East via Bismarck. Smith will return to Helena.
There is a man in one of the engineering parties on the west side who is known as the lead pencil man. He is so thin that he punches the lead out of a pencil and craves into the wood at night to save his blankets.
A very exciting race took place on the Bismarck running course on the evening of the 2nd inst. between McAskill's b. g. "Bismarck" and Stoyell & Laib's s. g. "Damascus" for a quarter mile, and \$50 wager, the former winning the race by half a neck.
The Bismarck bible depository is kept at the home of Mr. Cushman, on Main street, between First and Second, where any persons interested or desiring a copy of the bible or testament will find a good supply constantly on sale or for donation to destitute parties.
J. P. Wallace has purchased ten acres of Dr. Henry R. Porter's farm north of Bismarck, which he will plant to small fruit—strawberries, currants, raspberries, etc. He has also leased the Doctor's farm for a term of years. The Doctor has secured a valuable tenant and Wallace a very valuable tract of land. The price paid was \$20 an acre.
Among the passengers to the Hills this week by the Bismarck line were W. B.

Gallup, Lieut. Wagner, Wm. Gorman, wife and baby, Thos. Addison, H. McHenry, M. Liebman, H. T. Loxier, I. J. Durage, C. S. Huston, A. F. Shanda, Alex. McDonald, C. G. Simmons, Thos. McCabe, Mrs. Benoit and children, Mrs. Geo. Haney and children, Mrs. Callon and children, Wm. Laxton, and Mrs. Annie Keyes and children.
Mr. Starkey was mistaken in his remark last Sunday that the preacher in charge had borrowed \$400 without interest of a friend, with which to pay for the site of the Methodist Church which will be built at an early day. Mr. Starkey was not fully informed. The amount borrowed was \$200 of one friend and \$100 of another leaving one hundred to be provided for, making the \$400 referred to.
Mr. Barnett requests the above correction which was intended to be made at the time but was forgotten.

RIVER NEWS.
The steamer Josephine, which left here for Terry's Landing lighted to thirty inches at Buford, taking her Terry Landing freight, passengers and recruits through. She will return to Buford for the balance of her cargo.
The Rose Bud passed Buford yesterday en route to Cow Island. The Josephine went up to Buford in three days.
The Far West left Yankton on the 19th loaded with supplies for Pock and Poplar River, and will arrive here Tuesday next.
The Big Horn left Yankton on the 15th, having taken all her freight to destination. The Big Horn was detained at Fort Peck by Gen. Miles. The McLeod was compelled to leave sixty tons of her freight on Cow Island. The McLeod reports low water above Buford—23 inches. Above Peck she met the Key West and Eclipse going along all right.
The Gen. Meade cleared to-day for Yankton. The Butte will run through to Benton until the dust obscures the vision of the pilot.
The Helena leaves Yankton on Monday bound for Bismarck.
The Butte got away yesterday for Benton with 160 tons of freight and a crowded cabin of passengers.
The Col. McLeod leaves to-day for Benton.
Yankton Press. The steamer Decatur struck the Kansas City bridge on her way down and sprang a seam, enough to let in a little water into her hold. She was fixed in a few hours and went on for St. Louis. The Western was aground all Saturday afternoon just above town. The caving of the river bank still continues. McCully had a gang of men at work yesterday moving his mill and water-tanks, and has located them further up the river. The railroad company has done nothing toward moving their track, but will probably begin moving it to-morrow.

WEEKLY WEATHER REPORT.
BISMARCK, D. T., Aug. 23, 1879.
Highest. Lowest. Mean.
Barometer. 30.1-0 29.721 29.831
Thermometer. 89 51 69.9
Humidity (Rel.) 100 25 64.1
Wind's hourly velocity. 24 0 0
Wind's prevalent direction. W. S. W.
Winds, total movement, 1236 miles.
Rainfall 2.50
Lunar Halo. 0.
Solar Halo. 0.
Note: Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation.
C. S. WIXOM,
Pvt. Signal Corps U. S. A.
Office, U. S. Mil. Tel. Station.

Letter List.
List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Saturday, Aug. 23, 1879:
Anderson Henry
Buell Albert
Bowen C. J.
Butts Geo.
Beacalchin John
Bodentine Robert
Collins Bob
Cady C. F.
Carland Geo.
Castle Isaac N.
Cuskerly Patrick
Dillon Chas.
Dennis David J.
Dorset Mrs. E. C.
Ford Wm. J.
Graves Chas.
Gallagher Mrs. Eliza
Giblin Gay A.
Gaines Elzing J. J.
Hall Dick
Krumpholtz Geo. D.
Kannan Peter
Kellinay Peter
Lufkin C. V.
Lewis Perley
Sanders T. C.
Messerschmidt Mrs. Ber-White Joseph M. J.
If the above letters are not called for in thirty days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington. Persons calling for any of the above will please say "Advertised Letters," and give date of list.
C. A. LOUSHERBY, P. M.

Bargains.
Cook Stoves, Tinware, Bath-Tubs, and Cistern Pumps, next door to Goff's photograph gallery, west Main Street.
JOHN ROWLAND.

The best assortment of gents' furnishing goods in the city at
DAN EISENBERG'S.

Hamburg edging cheap at
DAN EISENBERG'S.

\$25 Reward.
From in front of Merchants Hotel about four o'clock Friday morning, a sorrel horse about ten years old, with an old government saddle with saddle pockets. Said horse has a small sore on right side, also branded U. S. \$25 reward offered for the conviction of the thief.
LOUIS NOTMAYER.

Bargains.
Cook Stoves, Tinware, Bath-Tubs, and Cistern Pumps, next door to Goff's photograph gallery, west Main Street.
JOHN ROWLAND.

Full new line of brackets and picture mouldings at J. C. Cady's Furniture store 3d St.

Next Dwelling for Sale.
One of the neatest residences in the city for sale. Rented until next April at \$20 per month. Price \$2000 cash. A first-class investment.
LOUSHERBY & BENTLEY.

Ladies ready made alsters at
DAN EISENBERG'S.

Wanted.
A situation by a first-class woman cook. Address Mrs. E. M. KEAPACK, Norfolk, Madison Co., Neb.
12-13

Black and colored silk very cheap at
DAN EISENBERG'S.

Wanted.
A servant girl who is a good cook and washer wanted to whom steady employment will be given.
Wm. HARMON, Fort Lincoln, D. T.
12-13

For your carpets go to
DAN EISENBERG'S.

Chas. W. Thompson offers nine thorough bred Bernese pugs for sale at \$7.50 each.
12-14

Money to Loan.
Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.
M. P. SLATTERY,
12nd Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

Land Notices.
Land Office at Bismarck, D. T., Aug. 16, 1879.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz:
Michael Lang, Pre-emption Declaratory Statement No. 214 for the SE 1/4 of Section 22, Township 139, Range 81, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: A. J. Davis and P. M. Granberry, of Burleigh county, D. T.
PETER MANTOR, Register.

12-16
U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., Aug. 12, 1879.
To Ansel Gray, Alvah E. Beale, and whom it may concern:
You will take notice that James McBride having filed at this office as required by law, notice of his intention to make final proof on his homestead entry No. 69, for the northeast quarter of section 32, township 139, range 80 that at this office on Thursday, the 18th day of September next, at 10 o'clock a. m., said proof will be heard and taken, at which time you may be present and show cause, if any you have, why said homestead entry should not be completed.
PETER MANTOR, Register.
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

12-16
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., Aug. 12, 1879.
To Thomas P. Davis:
You are hereby notified that the Hon. Commissioner of the General Land Office has notified this office that your Cash Entry No. 23, made July 15, 1878, has been suspended for conflict with D. S. No. 35 in the name of William Aylmer and D. S. No. 98 in the name of Henry Dion. William Aylmer and Henry Dion are allowed sixty days within which to show cause why the cash entry should not be approved for patent, and in default of such action their filings will be canceled.
PETER MANTOR, Register.
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

12-16
LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, D. T., August 16, 1879.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Frederick F. Gerard, Pre-emption D. S. No. 243 for the NE 1/4 of Sec. 34, Town 139 Range 81, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Milan Harrison, of Fort Lincoln, D. T. and Wm. Kelly and George Harmon, of Burleigh County, D. T.
PETER MANTOR, Register.

12-16
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, D. T., Aug. 13, 1879.
To Alexander Helmsworth, John Carland and whom it may concern:
You will take notice that Charles M. Cushman has this day made application at this office to make proof and payment on the SW 1/4 of Sec. 26, Township 139, Range 81, under the provisions of the pre-emption act, that on Wednesday, the 24th day of September, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at this office, said proof will be heard and taken and payment received, unless cause be shown to the contrary; and at which time you may appear and show cause, if any you have, why such proof and payment should not be made.
PETER MANTOR, Register.
EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

12-16
LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T., August 1, 1879.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Mary J. Lambert, widow of Richard Lambert, for the NW 1/4 of Sec. 10 in Township 139 Range 80, and names the following as her witnesses, viz: Wm. Thompson and Henry M. Mixer, of Burleigh County, D. T.
PETER MANTOR, Register.

10-14
LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, D. T., August 1, 1879.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Frederic Helbringer, Pre-emption D. S. No. 215, for the SW 1/4 of Sec. 13, Township 139, Range 81, and names the following as his witness, viz: Thomas J. Mitchell and Wm. Riley, of Burleigh County, D. T.
PETER MANTOR, Register.

Sale of City Lots.
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance to a resolution of the City Council of the city of Bismarck, approved on the 12th day of August, 1879, the following described real estate will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, on Tuesday, the 16th day of September, 1879, at 10 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, sale to commence at City Hall and adjourn to the premises to be sold: Lots number twenty-three (23) and twenty-four (24) in block one hundred and one hundred and twenty-two (122); lots seven (7) and eight (8) in block one hundred and fourteen (114); lots twenty-nine (29), thirty (30) and thirty-six (36) in block eighty-four (84); lots one (1) and two (2) in block 126; lots five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven and twelve in block forty-seven; lots thirteen and twenty-four in block 128; lots nine, ten, eleven and sixteen in block 128; lot twenty in block ninety-eight; and five in block 118; lot twenty-four in block 110, according to the recorded plat of the City of Bismarck, D. T.
By Order of the City Council.
Dated Bismarck, D. T., Aug. 16, 1879. 12-16

HARDY FRUITS
OUR SPECIALTY.
Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Hardy Trees in the State.
A FULL LINE
Of everything desirable. New Farms and Nurseries furnished with the best of Stock at Low Prices.

OUR NEW SIBERIANS.
Furnished Choice Eating and Cooking Apples, Sweet and Sour, Summer and Winter, to suit every locality. Send for Descriptive Price List.

Local Agents Wanted Everywhere.
J. C. PLUMB & SON,
Green Hill Nurseries,
Milton, Wisconsin.

HOW TO GET WELL.
Broken-down, Debilitated Constitutions. Both male and female, and all difficult cases, for which help can be obtained nowhere else—found to be so by undeniable facts. A True Theory. No Deception. The practical results of forty years' experience will be shown to invalids in Pamphlets and Circulars by addressing the eminent successful Dr. Geo. W. Forbes, 174 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 13ylew

Bargains.
Cook Stoves, Tinware, Bath-Tubs, and Cistern Pumps, next door to Goff's photograph gallery, west Main Street.
JOHN ROWLAND.

W. B. WATSON,
BISMARCK, - DAKOTA.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Etc.
The Largest and Best Stock in the City and prices that defy competition.
Buying for Cash he Sells for Cash.
DRESS GOODS
of all kinds, SILKS of all shades and colors. Elegant assortment of
Ladies' Ties, Cuffs, Collars and Underwear.
Ladies' Zephyr Shawls, and Sacks; Laces, Hamburg Edgings and Insertions; Hosiery, Etc., in endless variety; White Goods of every sort
Prints of Every Variety.
Bring in your Samples and Compare Prices furnished by Eastern Houses.
MAY 31 9 2

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.
W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,
Druggist and Fancy Goods,

BISMARCK, D. T.
W. W. KIMBALL'S
Mammoth Music House,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
ANNUAL SALES, \$1,500,000.
SOLE WESTERN AGENT for the following Instruments:—Hallett Davis & Co. J. P. Hale, and W. W. Kimball Pianos. W. W. Kimball and Smith's Organs. Instruments which have an established reputation far and wide, based upon experience in every respect. Old Instruments taken in exchange for New. Satisfaction guaranteed. Every Instrument warranted for five years.
F. J. CALL,
Bismarck, D. T., SOLE AGENT FOR NORTHERN DAKOTA.
Catalogues Free on Application. NOV1879

Notice of Application for the Appointment of an Administrator of the Estate of James McGarry.
Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that a petition by John McGarry, Henry McGarry, Thomas McGarry, Helen McGarry and Maggie McGarry, praying that letters of administration be granted and that John C. Barr be appointed administrator of the estate of James McGarry, deceased, has been filed in my office which application will be heard at my office in the city of Bismarck, D. T., at the next general term of the probate court of Burleigh County, on the first Monday, being the 1st day of September, 1879, at 10 o'clock, a. m.
EMER N. COREY,
Judge of Probate.
Dated Aug. 2nd, A. D., 1879.

Sheriff Sale.
Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the District Court of Burleigh County, D. T., on a judgment rendered therein in an action wherein Hoxie and Jagger were plaintiffs and J. D. Wakeman was defendant against the goods, chattels and lands of the said J. D. Wakeman, I have levied upon the right, title and interest which the said J. D. Wakeman had on the 17th day of April, 1879, in and to the following described premises to wit: Lot 3 in Block 47, in the City of Bismarck, which I shall expose for sale and sell to the highest bidder as the law directs at the front door of the west room in Raymond's Brick Block, on the corner of Third and Main Streets, in the City of Bismarck, D. T., being the place where said District Court was last held, on the 10th day of Sept., 1879, at 10 o'clock, a. m.
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
Sheriff Burleigh Co., D. T.
Dated Aug. 8th, 1879.

Grove Lake Academy, for Boys and Young Men.
Business will be resumed at the above School on Wednesday, September 3d, and continue until April 1st, following. This is a school of special studies where young men can study such subjects as they need most. No classes—each pupil recites alone and receives individual and special aid. It is adapted to all grades of talent and proficiency. The buildings have been enlarged this summer and comprise two dormitories, three recitation rooms, a large study, bath and ward-room. For full particulars address the Principal, Grove Lake, Pope Co., Minn. 10-38

Cliff Bros. & Clark,
House, Sign, Carriage and Ornamental
PAINTERS.
GRADING, MARBLING
AND
WALL DECORATING.
Mixed Paints always on Hand.
Shop on 6th Street near Main.